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CASTLE: A ROMANCE. By NEIL MUNRO. CHAPS. XVI-
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LAST MONTH—THE QUEEN. By Sir WEMYSS REID.
MY WAYS and DAYS in EUROPE and in INDIA. By His Highness the MAHARAJAH GAEKWAR of
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CLEARING NATAL. By L. OPPENHEIM.

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The Literary Week.

Who is to write the biography of Queen Victoria with the intimate knowledge possessed by Sir Theodore Martin when he performed that service to the memory of the Prince Consort? There are already between forty and fifty books in existence which purport to describe the life of her Majesty. But some more authoritative work will be called for. In his eighty-fifth year Sir Theodore Martin can hardly be expected to assume the task. There may possibly be substance in the rumour that the present Duke of Argyll will be the biographer. As the late Queen's son-in-law he has knowledge, and will exercise discretion.

MANY other biographies of the Queen, by authors who have gathered their material from sources open to all the world, are being prepared. We understand that at least twenty such works may be expected. But the most important will be a cheap edition of the sumptuous Life of Queen Victoria by Mr. Richard R. Holmes, which was issued by Messrs. Goupil in 1897. The whole of the text, except the last chapter, was read and approved by the Queen. The new edition will be issued by Messrs. Longmans this month.

As an author Queen Victoria enjoyed a privilege accorded to none of her subjects. The copyright in the books of the reigning monarch is perpetual. It is not often that English sovereigns have been able to take advantage of this unique privilege.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the publication of a Life of the late Bishop of London. It will be written by Mrs. Creighton, who will be much obliged if any persons who have letters from the Bishop will kindly lend them to her. If they are forwarded to Mrs. Creighton at Fulham Palace, she will return them in due course. Bishop Creighton had many occasional correspondents who wrote to him seeking advice or information on many subjects, and it is hoped that letters may be forthcoming from this source as well as from the Bishop's regular correspondents. A volume of Essays and Addresses on literary subjects, a volume on Church affairs, and a volume of Sermons will probably also be issued.

LAST October the editor of the American *Book World* offered a prize of ten dollars for the best sonnet on America. One Mr. C. H. Woodward has the ten dollars. But we fear the editor has not acquired a sonnet. The laws of the sonnet are as severe as those of Bridge, and Mr. Woodward has broken most of them. As we cannot quote the whole, we will admit there are fourteen lines, and there, at least, the author is right. Thus he begins:

America! Not wielder of a power to wrong,
But ruler of a strength to right:
Thy force almighty, calm, uplifting, yet unseen;
Thy ways are sentinelled by Peace;
Thy progress heralded by Truth.

So we jolt, looking for the sweet consolation of alternating

rhymes, and finding none. Mr. Woodward may at least be congratulated on the leniency—or was it the somnolence?—of his judge.

MESSRS. METHUEN & Co. have just issued—in the well-known green cloth covers—a new edition of Stevenson's *Letters*. Several minor errors and misprints have been corrected, and three new letters have been added—to Mr. Austin Dobson, to Mr. Kipling, and to Mr. Meredith. In the letter to Mr. Dobson there is a charming passage wherein Stevenson imagines the kind of poetical country administered by the author of *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*:

I seem to see a half-suburban land; a land of holly-hocks and country houses; a land where at night, in thorny and sequestered bypaths, you will meet masqueraders going to a ball in their sedans, and the rector steering homeward by the light of his lantern; a land of the windmill, and the west wind, and the flowering hawthorn with a little scented letter in the hollow of its trunk, and the kites flying over all in the season of kites, and the far away blue spires of a cathedral city.

The letter to Mr. Meredith is more personal, and finds Stevenson sad and introspective. The date is 1893, the year before his death:

For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well, is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this diabolical, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head.

Life and Beauty is the gay title of a little magazine which has tripped along to its ninth number. In this number it prints the answers of various eminent people who have been asked what they eat and drink to keep them alive and beautiful. Confucius, as will be learned by reference to a review on another page, "was never without ginger when he ate." But then Confucius, for all his care, is dead. Mr. Benjamin Swift, on the other hand, is alive. He never eats onions. Mr. Robert Hichens still lives, but is despondent. "Almost everything has disagreed with me at one time or another," he complains. "I find almost everything that I am really fond of disastrous to my health. I have tried vegetarianism in a monastery in Africa and found it most dangerous to internal comfort. How Mr. Shaw can be so witty on boiled cabbage and lentils I can't imagine." Mr. Hichens despairs of being free from indigestion until he ceases from eating and drinking. Miss Violet Hunt thinks that a diet of porridge darkens the eyes. So that porridge cannot be considered particularly useful to the writer. Mr. Arthur Morrison eats and drinks everything but tea. Miss Lena Ashwell prefers burgundy.

THE poets are paying their tribute to Queen Victoria in ample measure. Little of the verse which has flooded the papers is likely to survive the week. But Mr. Thomas Hardy's lines, published in the *Times*, have a dignity that should preserve them :

V.R.—1819-1901.

A REVERIE.

Moments the mightiest pass uncalendared ;
And when the Absolute
In Time agone outgave the deedful word,
Whereby all life is stirred :
" Let one be born and throned whose mould shall constitute
The norm of every royal-rated attribute,"
No mortal knew or heard.
But in due days the purposed Life outshone,
Serene, sagacious, free ;
Its fourscore cycles beamed with deeds well done,
And the world's heart was won. . . .
Yet may the deed of hers most bright in eyes to be
Lie hid from ours—as in the All-One's thought lay she—
Till ripening years have run.

YOUNGER poets twitter in the February number of the *Thrush*. We are assured in advance that several poems relating to the national sorrow will appear, "many of them by busy journalists." It is not clear why a journalist who is busy should write better verses than a man of leisure. But the author of *Ad Astra*, which was so splendidly advertised, should be able to combine his own business with the pleasure of his readers. The author of "Father O'Flynn," too, makes a reappearance with an elegy from Ireland, called "Erin's Adieu." Sixty of the late Queen's direct descendants are to receive a special edition of the *Thrush*.

POPE LEO has a happy knack of versification. Moreover, he is happy in his translator, Mr. Francis Thompson, who, in the current number of the *Tablet*, publishes his rendering of the Pope's Ode to the Nineteenth Century. That the Pope should look with unstinted approval on a generation which curbed the temporal power of the Papacy and bowed down to the doctrine of evolution is hardly to be expected.

dirum in arcem Vaticanan
Mille dolis initum duellum

is Pope Leo's allusion to the founding of United Italy. The following stanza sums up with admirable neatness the attitude of the Catholic Church towards Darwin and those who follow him :

Nostrae supernam gentis originem
Fastidit excors : dissociabilem,
Umbras inanis mente captans,
Stirpem hominum pecudumque miscet.

Which Mr. Thompson renders thus :

The heavenly origin of our human race,
Senseless, they scorn against ; and would abase
—Their minds with empty shadows pleased—
The strain of man to beast.

There is a pathos in the final stanza of the Pontiff's ode, a pathos which the translator preserves in a rendering astonishingly literal, yet not bald :

Cursum peregi, lustraque bis novem,
Te dante, vixi. Tu cumulum adiice ;
Fac, queso, ne incassum precantis
Vota tui recidant Leonis.

My course is run, I twice nine lustres have
(So Thou hast willed it) seen. Grant now the grave :
Suff-r Thy Leo's prayers obtain
That he pray not in vain.

EVERYONE who has written verses at all, it has been said, has made at least one translation from Heine. For

Heine looks easy ; whereas, indeed, he is very difficult. He has a simplicity which generally loses its flavour when decanted into English, and appears childish. From Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne we have received a rendering of three well-known poems of Heine which strike the right note :

I.

The lovely wishes blossom,
And wither them and die,
And blossom again, and wither—
And so, till life's gone by.
I know it, and it troubles
For me all love and rest !
My heart is so wise and witty,
And bleeding to death in my breast.

II.

When, in passing by, you touch me
With the waving of your gown,
All my heart in joy uprises,
Tracks you madly up and down.
Then, you turn and look upon me
With your lovely eyes so wide ;
And my heart is, oh ! so frightened
That it dares not leave my side !

III.

I love a flower, I know, but know not which it is,
And that is pain to me ;
I peer into each flower, because it may be this—
This heart for me.

The flowers breathe out their sweets into the evening sleep ;
The nightingale is singing strong ;
I seek the heart I want, the heart like mine so deep,
So deep and strong.

The nightingale sings on, and I am learning fast
His lovely song so wild :
It means, we're both so lost, we're both so lost at last,
So lost and wild.

DR. JOSEPH WRIGHT, who for ten years has been deputy-professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, has been elected to succeed the late Prof. Max Müller. Though only six-and-forty, Dr. Wright has already a perfectly staggering record of work. Before he was brought to Oxford by Prof. Max Müller, he had spent half-a-dozen years at Heidelberg and Leipzig, obtained the degree of Ph.D., and published his translation of the first volume of Brugmann's *Grundriss der vergleichenden Grammatik der indogermanischen Sprachen*. Since then he has issued various primers of High German and Gothic. But it is in the study of English dialects that Dr. Wright is going to base his fame. He began with a Grammar of his native dialect of Windhill. Then, in 1895, he set about his great work, *The English Dialect Dictionary*, which he is issuing at his own expense. The two volumes which have already appeared contain nearly forty thousand words, illustrated by nearly a hundred thousand quotations. With Dr. Wright's amazing industry it is expected that the whole of the six volumes will be ready within five years.

In the course of his study of current speech, Dr. Wright has adopted the simple device of bringing the phonograph to the aid of philology. He is collecting phonographic specimens of English dialects in order to preserve a faithful record of the language as variously spoken at the end of the nineteenth century. So the historical novelist of the twenty-first century will have to be careful.

THE protest of Sir James Fergusson in the *Spectator*, and before that in the *Scotsman*, against the alleged libel upon his great-great-grandfather, Lord Kilkerran, in Mr. Neil Munro's "Doom Castle," now running in *Blackwood*, is answered with humour and point in last week's issue of the Scottish Church journal, *St. Andrew*, which contains week by week an unsigned literary article, headed "Books and Bookmen." Lord Kilkerran concurred in the judicial murder of "James of the Glens," at Inverary, in 1752, of which incident R. L. Stevenson remarked that Argyll, who presided over a jury of his own clansmen, had murdered the accused as surely as if he had stalked him with a fowling-piece. Mr. Munro's offence, in the eyes of Kilkerran's pious descendant, lies, however, in his attribution to that justiciar of the generous taste for port wine and scullduggery, common to most Lords of Session in the eighteenth century; and secondly, in the use of a license in depicting real people which Sir Walter Scott never permitted himself. It is on this latter point that the writer in *St. Andrew*, who "hopes Mr. Munro is contrite," and who admits an intimate knowledge of him, disposes most effectually of Sir James Fergusson's protest:

Sir James Fergusson apparently labours under the delusion that Sir Walter Scott "gave cleverly fancied names to his typical characters." As one closely associated with the Clan Macgregor, I may be permitted to remind him that when Rob Roy had been little more than eighty years in his grave, the author of the *Waverley* Novels hurt the feelings of our family very much by depicting our eminent ancestor as a person of low and dishonest habits. The reputation which Sir Walter Scott gave to Mr. Macgregor (who was extensively engaged in the cattle trade) was utterly out of accordance with the deceased gentleman's character as it was understood by his immediate relatives and friends, who were surely the best qualified to judge what manner of man he was.

The Fiery Cross—"Crois Tara"—which issues from Cockburn-street, Edinburgh, is the latest "Legitimist" journal. The platform from which the *Fiery Cross* is to be exhibited includes such planks as the Restoration of Princess Ludwig of Bavaria, the lineal representative of the Stuarts, as Queen Mary III. of Scotland and IV. of England, France, and Ireland; of the Scottish Parliament; of the Royal and National Mint; of the Privy Council and Court of Admiralty; of the Scottish Coinage and the Stone of Destiny, "audaciously stolen from Seone Palace by Edward I. in 1297." These projects are supported by articles which lack neither vigour nor diplomatic blindness to inconvenient facts; and the *Fiery Cross* will be published "at such intervals as may seem desirable." This is a cryptic promise, leaving us in doubt whether the desires of the public or of the editor are to rule his decision.

In his preface to *Three Plays for Puritans* Mr. Shaw tells us that dramatic criticism broke down his health, and that then, being too weak to work, he wrote plays. Unfortunately, he does not write plays with a simple heart, and on impulse. What Mr. Shaw does is to tessellate his ideas into the form of a play, and then he takes to himself seven devils of theory and writes a preface. The preface to *Three Plays for Puritans* is a trying, Shawesque document of more point than weight, and of more crackle than heat. Mr. Shaw saw play after play which set out to gratify rich and poor, old and young, clever and dull people, by providing one petty type of theatrical luxury, and he asks whether this was not mad catering. Mr. Shaw says it was, and proceeds:

To interest people of divers ages, classes, and temperaments by some generally momentous subject of thought, as the politicians and preachers do, would seem to be the most obvious course in the world. And yet the theatres avoided that as a ruinous eccentricity. Their wiseacres persisted in assuming that all men have the same tastes, fancies, and qualities of passion; that no two have the

same interests: and that most playgoers have no interests at all. This being precisely contrary to the obvious facts, it followed that the majority of the plays produced were failures, recognisable as such before the end of the first act by the very wiseacres aforementioned, who, quite incapable of understanding the lesson, would thereupon set to work to obtain and produce a play applying their theory still more strictly, with proportionately more disastrous results. The sums of money I saw thus transferred from the pockets of theatrical speculators and syndicates to those of wig-makers, costumiers, scene painters, carpenters, doorkeepers, actors, theatre landlords, and all the other people for whose exclusive benefit most London theatres seem to exist, would have kept a theatre devoted exclusively to the highest drama all the year round.

But the fact is, that no matter what plane of drama you work in, you will have success and failure. Grant that these plays were pitched on a low, a contemptible level, still they hit and missed the public taste, and made money or sank it accordingly. It would be just the same with higher plays. Some would enrich the wigmaker and the landlord and starve the author, others would enrich both. The elevation of the stage, we may be sure, is not being delayed by mere commercial stupidity on the part of managers.

We much prefer Mr. Shaw's personal statements to his fancy arguments. "I am ashamed neither of my work nor the way it is done. I like explaining its merits to the huge majority who don't know good work from bad. It does them good; and it does me good, curing me of nervousness, laziness, and snobbishness. I write prefaces as Dryden did, and treatises as Wagner, because I can; and I would give half-a-dozen of Shakespeare's plays for one of the prefaces he ought to have written. I leave the delicacies of retirement to those who are gentlemen first and literary workmen afterwards. The cart and trumpet for me." The downrightness of such passages is pleasant, and—disguises their unimportance.

THERE is one passage from the preface to *Three Plays for Puritans* which we think will bear detachment, and is an important clue to Mr. Shaw's real convictions and hopes concerning Drama. It is all the more interesting because it connects itself with Mr. Shaw's supposed heretical views about Shakespeare:

It does not follow that the right to criticise Shakespeare involves the power of writing better plays. And in fact—do not be surprised at my modesty—I do not profess to write better plays. The writing of practicable stage plays does not present an infinite scope to human talent; and the dramatists who magnify its difficulties are humbugs. The summit of their art has been attained again and again. No man will ever write a better tragedy than "Lear," a better comedy than "Le Festin de Pierre" or "Peer Gynt," a better opera than "Don Giovanni," a better music drama than "The Niblung's Ring," or, for the matter of that, better fashionable plays and melodramas than are now being turned out by writers whom nobody dreams of mocking with the word immortal. It is the philosophy, the outlook on life, that changes, not the craft of the playwright. A generation that is thoroughly moralised and patriotised, that conceives virtuous indignation as spiritually nutritious, that murders the murderer and robs the thief, that grovels before all sorts of ideals, social, military, ecclesiastical, royal and divine, may be, from my point of view, steeped in error; but it need not want for as good plays as the hand of man can produce. Only, those plays will be neither written nor relished by men in whose philosophy guilt and innocence, and consequently revenge and idolatry, have no meaning. Such men must re-write all the old plays in terms of their own philosophy; and that is why, as Mr. Stuart-Glennie has pointed out, there can be no new drama without a new philosophy. To which I may add that there can be no Shakespear or Goethe without one either, nor two Shakespears in one philosophic epoch, since, as I have said, the first great

comer in that epoch reaps the whole harvest and reduces those who come after to the rank of mere gleaners, or, worse than that, fools who go laboriously through all the motions of the reaper and binder in an empty field. What is the use of writing plays or painting frescoes if you have nothing more to say or show than was said and shown by Shakespear, Michael Angelo, and Raphael? If these had not seen things differently, for better or worse, from the dramatic poets of the Townley mysteries, or from Giotto, they could not have produced their works: no, not though their skill of pen and hand had been double what it was. After them there was no need (and *need* alone nerves men to face the persecution in the teeth of which new art is brought to birth) to redo the already done, until in due time, when their philosophy wore itself out, a new race of nineteenth century poets and critics, from Byron to William Morris, began, first to speak coldly of Shakespear and Raphael, and then to rediscover, in the mediæval art which these Renaissance masters had superseded, certain forgotten elements which were germinating again for the new harvest.

THE *Sphere's* memorial to Queen Victoria takes the form of an illustrated diary of her reign, with portraits of most of the men who have rendered it illustrious. It is a good scheme, splendidly executed. One of the most interesting things in the number is the reproduction of the Queen's first letter, written in 1825: "My dear Louis God bless you." It is signed "Vitoria." There is also a fine reproduction of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's unfinished portrait of the Queen. With its ample page, its excellent printing, and its well-considered enterprise, the *Sphere* keeps the place it took at its inception in the front rank of our illustrated journalism.

THE Rev. H. R. Haweis, whose death took place very suddenly on Tuesday, was not only a remarkable and very unconventional preacher—he was all his life a prolific writer, and when one considers his frail physique and the demands of his church at Marylebone, his literary production seems enormous. For some time he was a regular contributor to the *Echo*, and there is scarcely a newspaper or magazine in London in which he has not signed his name. He found time, too, to edit *Cassell's Magazine* for a season. He wrote best upon his favourite hobby, which was music. Great musicians, old violins, and church bells gave him material for many volumes. Those who have attended his curious and sometimes startling services at St. James's, Marylebone, will remember that he occasionally illustrated his discourse by a solo upon the violin. His theory of the connexion between music and conduct was worked out in what was, perhaps, his most popular book, *Music and Morals*. Mr. Haweis sustained a crushing blow two years ago in the death of his wife, who was herself a well-known writer on domestic art.

Bibliographical.

It is not so very long since Robert Louis Stevenson died, and yet quite a literature has grown up around his life and work. Putting aside the two series of letters edited by Mr. Colvin, one finds that Stevenson has been the subject of no fewer than seven volumes during the last half-dozen years. Thus, in 1895, we had Prof. Walter Raleigh's little monograph; a *Study of Stevenson*, by Miss (or Mrs.) Alice Brown; and a book on his *Home and Early Haunts*, by Miss (or Mrs.) Margaret Armour. After this there was silence for three years, and then, in 1898, came *The Home Country of R. L. Stevenson*, by J. Geddie, *The Edinburgh Days of R. L. S.*, by Miss (or Mrs.) Blantyre Simpson, and a monograph in the "Famous Scots" series, by Miss (or Mrs.) Margaret Moyes Black. In 1899 we had yet another monograph, by Mr. Cope Cornford, in the "Modern English Writers" series; and now we are promised *R. L. S., a Life Study in Criticism*,

by Mr. H. Bellyse Baildon, who, it is understood, will write on the basis of a personal acquaintance with R. L. S. during his early manhood. Mr. Baildon, by the way, should not be unknown to the reading public, for he has already presented to it a book of prose called *The Merry Month*, &c., and a book of verse called *The Rescue*, &c., both of them published in 1893.

Four notable additions are about to be made to the big library of sixpenny fiction which the publishing fraternity are busily engaged in building up. The books to which I refer are Le Fanu's *Uncle Silas*, Ouida's *Puck*, Mr. Short-house's *John Inglesant*, and Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*. I name them in the order of their original appearance. *Uncle Silas* dates back to 1864; it was re-issued in 1886 and 1887, and again in 1899 in two-shilling form. Its popularity of late years may owe something to the fact that it has been dramatised twice at least; of one of the versions Mr. Lawrence Irving was co-author. *Puck*, which came out anonymously, belongs to 1870; I am not aware that it has had any very great vogue since it was first launched upon the world. *John Inglesant*, as most people know, was printed privately in 1880, and issued to the public in the following year. *The New Arabian Nights*, of course, is the youngest of the four, as it did not come out in book shape till 1892; it was then in two volumes, and two years after it was obtainable in two cheaper editions. That four books so very different in subject and style should be coming out this season at the nimble six-pence is a tribute to the catholic tastes of the present-day novel-reader.

With reference to Mr. W. A. Dutt's promised book on *Highways and Byways of East Anglia*, we may be quite sure, I think, that it will be a much more elaborate and picturesque work than the opuscule which he published (at a shilling), with almost the same title, in 1899. Two other opuscules, similarly priced, stand to Mr. Dutt's credit—*George Borrow in East Anglia*, issued in 1896, and *By Sea Marge, Marsh, and Mere*, brought out in 1898. *The Highways, Byways, and Waterways of East Anglia: a Collection of Prose Pastorals*, was, I may note, the full title of the 1899 brochure.

It is said that we are to have a new edition of the late Henry Morley's little anthology of English verse, called *The King and the Commons*. This came out originally more than thirty years ago, as part and parcel (I think) of the "Bayard" series of booklets edited by Hain Friswell. The publishers of that series might do worse than reissue all the volumes that figured in it, for all were interesting, while the series as a whole no doubt suggested many that have supplanted it in public knowledge and favour.

Two books on musical subjects announced by Mr. John Murray are by American writers—Mr. W. J. Henderson and Mr. H. T. Finck. Mr. Henderson is already known in this country by his *Story of Music*, published by Messrs. Longman in 1889, while Mr. Finck is remembered by his *Chopin, and other Musical Essays*, issued by Mr. Unwin in the same year. Mr. Finck is also the author, I believe, of an elaborate work on *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*—an allurin' topic.

I once testified in this column to the quaint feeling which possessed me some years ago, when I read in a number of *Macmillan's Magazine* a new poem signed "William Wordsworth." In the February issue of the same miscellany there is, I see, a short story signed "Henry Fielding." When are we to have a new sonnet by "John Keats"?

I observe that we are to have a novel from the pen of Mr. A. R. Ropes (the "Adrian Ross" of popular "musical comedy"). This will testify at any rate to the versatility of the writer, who has already published under his own name a volume of *Poems* (1884) and *A Sketch of the History of Europe* (1889); besides doing some useful work for the Pitt Press.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Chinese Literature.

A History of Chinese Literature. By Herbert A. Giles. "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World" Series. (Heinemann. 6s.)

It is not the fault of Prof. Herbert Giles that his history of Chinese literature, the first attempt of the kind that has been made, is somewhat bewildering in the rapidity of its movement. When a writer, even a professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge, sets out to tell, in four hundred and thirty-nine pages, the history of a literature that extends over some thousands of years, the wonder is, not that it should seem scrappy and bewildering, but that he should be able to tell it at all. Such a task would break the spirit of many men. Not so Dr. Giles's spirit. He wears his prodigious learning lightly, wending his way, on tiptoe as it were, through this labyrinth of authors, culling here and there, like a gardener picking flowers. His style is bright and easy, and not entirely academic. He can write such a sentence as: "This is how Mencius snuffed out the two heterodox philosophers." Dr. Giles is also a poet. The pages are sprinkled with his translations of Chinese versifiers. He has done for a nation what FitzGerald did for an individual. We leave to Chinese students the appraisement of the debt these Celestial poets owe to their translator.

We do not gain from his book any clear perception of the personality of these Chinese writers. Name follows name—such tongue-tripping names, hundreds of names, and they remain mere names, and little else; but gradually we become conscious of the thread that through the centuries binds sage to sage, writer to writer. They wander into by-paths, but "their common lode-star is Confucianism—elucidation of the Confucian Canon." And with the name of Confucius the western stands on dry ground. Not only was Confucius a great moral teacher, whose teaching as to the right way of living in this world, being founded on his own individual insight, and not on what another had told him, has withstood the shocks and changes of two thousand five hundred years, but he was also the founder of Chinese literature. He collected and edited documents covering a period from the twenty-fourth to the eighth century B.C. His labours resulted in the Book of History, the Book of Odes, the Book of Changes, the Book of Rites, and Spring and Autumn Annals. But no Chinaman thinks of entering upon a study of these Five Classics until he has mastered and committed to memory a shorter and simpler course known as The Four Books. The first of these is the famous Analects, from which we derive our knowledge of Confucius, born 551 years before Christ, who formulated the Golden Rule: "What you would not others should do unto you, do you not unto them."

The Tao, or Way of Confucius, was a practical system of morality for everyday use. When a disciple asked him to explain charity of heart, he answered, "Love one another." When, however, he was asked concerning the principle that good should be returned for evil, he replied: "What then will you return for good? No: return good for good; for evil justice." Wise words! Confucius never pretended to any supernatural power, but he did assert, and with modesty, that he knew the right way to live in this world—the way that leads to happiness and peace. *The Chung Yung*, the treatise written by his grandson, opens with the pregnant sentence: "What Heaven has confirmed is the *Nature*; an accordance with the nature is what is called the *Path*; the regulation of this path is what is called the *Teaching*." Confucius, Dr. Giles says,

undoubtedly believed in a Power, unseen and eternal, whom he vaguely addressed as Heaven: "He who has

offended against Heaven has none to whom he can pray." "I do not murmur against Heaven," and so on. His greatest commentator, however, Chu Hsi, has explained that by "Heaven" is meant "Abstract Right," and that interpretation is accepted by Confucianists at the present day. At the same time, Confucius strongly objected to discuss the supernatural, and suggested that our duties are towards the living rather than towards the dead.

The Analects give minute details of his everyday life and habits. As we read our hearts warm to the Sage across two thousand four hundred years:

Confucius, in his village, looked simple and sincere, and as if he were not able to speak. When he was in the prince's ancestral temple or in the court he spoke minutely on every point, but cautiously. . . .

He required his sleeping dress to be half as long again as his body.

He did not eat rice which had been injured by heat or damp and turned sour, nor fish or flesh which was gone. He did not eat what was discoloured, or what was of a bad flavour, nor anything which was not in season. He did not eat meat which was not cut properly, nor what was served without its proper sauce.

He was never without ginger when he ate. He did not eat much.

When eating, he did not converse. When in bed, he did not speak.

If his mat was not straight, he did not sit on it.

Ssu-ma-Ch'ien, known as the Father of History, writing four hundred years after the death of Confucius, said:

While reading the works of Confucius, I have always fancied I could see the man as he was in life; and when I went to Shantung I actually beheld his carriage, his robes, and the material parts of his ceremonial usages. There were his descendants practising the old rites in their ancestral home, and I lingered on, unable to tear myself away. Many are the princes and prophets that the world has seen in its time, glorious in life, forgotten in death. But Confucius, though only a humble member of the cotton-clothed masses, remains among us after many generations. He is the model for such as would be wise. By all, from the Son of Heaven down to the meanest student, the supremacy of his principles is fully and freely admitted. He may indeed be pronounced the divinest of men.

If we linger over the first book of Dr. Giles's history, that devoted to the Feudal Period (B.C. 600-200), over which the large, wise, personality of Confucius broods, it is because we find it hard to leave that period charged with worldly wisdom, metaphysical speculation, mysticism, and thoughts so ancient, yet intimate companions of many living to-day. Is there such a great difference between this, from Newman's *Dream of Geron-tius*—"It is the very energy of thought that keeps thee from thy God"; and this from Chuang Tzū's *Autumn Floods*, written in the fourth century B.C.:

By no thoughts, by no cogitations, Tao may be known. By resting in nothing, by according in nothing, Tao may be approached. By following nothing, by pursuing nothing, Tao may be attained.

Great as was Confucius there was another Chinese seer living in his period who has also achieved earthly immortality. That was Lao Tzū, from whom the literature of Taoism dates, "growing and flourishing alongside of, though in direct antagonism to, that which is founded upon the criteria and doctrines of Confucius." Dr. Giles does not commit himself to an explanation of the meaning of Tao. Neither did Lao Tzū himself. "Those who know do not tell; those who tell do not know" was his answer to the question. Lao Tzū taught; but the road that leads to the Way, as those who desire it know, starts from within. Much of Lao Tzū's teaching is familiar to the world, but from other lips:

Follow diligently the Way in your own heart, but make no display of it to the world.

To the good I would be good. To the not good I would also be good, in order to make them good.
Recompense injury with kindness.
Put yourself behind and you shall be put in front.

Lao Tzū had his St. Paul in Chuang Tzū, an advanced mystic who anticipated thoughts that were to find expression centuries later.

Fools think they are awake now, and flatter themselves they know if they are really princes or peasants. Confucius and you are both dreams; and I who say you are dreams—I am but a dream myself.

Again:

Once upon a time, I, Chuang Tzū, dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my fancies as a butterfly, and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly, I awoke, and there I lay, myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man.

Well may Dr. Giles speak of Chuang Tzū's chapter on "The Identity of Contraries" as "marvellous," judging from the extracts given: "From the standpoint of Tao all things are One. . . . By ignoring the distinctions of contraries we are embraced in the obliterating unity of God." Lao Tzū urged his fellow Chinamen to guard their vitality by entering into harmony with their environment. Chuang Tzū added a motive: "to pass into the realm of the Infinite and make one's final rest therein." More than a thousand years later, Ssü-K'ung, a Court official and poet, popular at court, having fallen into irremediable disgrace by dropping part of his insignia at an audience, retired to the hills, wrote a philosophical poem, and then starved himself to death through grief at the murder of the youthful Emperor. We quote one of the verses of this poem, which is "admirably adapted to exhibit the form under which pure Taoism commends itself to the mind of a cultivated scholar":

ENERGY—ABSOLUTE.

Expenditure of force leads to outward decay,
Spiritual existence means inward fulness.
Let us revert to Nothing and enter the Absolute,
Hoarding up strength for Energy.
Freighted with eternal principles,
Athwart the mighty void,
Where cloud-masses darken,
And the wind blows ceaseless around,
Beyond the range of conceptions,
Let us gain the Centre,
And there hold fast without violence,
Fed from an inexhaustible supply.

We have left ourselves small space to speak of the two thousand years of Chinese literature with which Dr. Giles deals in the remainder of his admirable history. The generations of this venerable people pass before us composing their treatises, singing their love-songs, elucidating their classics, detached and sufficient unto themselves, ignorant and contemptuous of anything the foreign devils might be doing or thinking. They went their strange way, accepting things as they were, probably quite undisturbed when, in B.C. 13, the reigning Emperor issued a decree that all existing literature was to be destroyed, with the exception of works relating to agriculture, medicine, and divination. The penalty of not surrendering their books was branding and four years' work on the Great Wall; but, fortunately, many scholars secretly defied the edict.

Poetry has always flourished in China, especially during the T'ung Dynasty, which has the honour of a collection of 48,900 poems, arranged in 900 books, and filling thirty good-sized volumes.

China's greatest poet is Li Po (A.D. 705-762). At the age of ten he wrote a "stop short" to a firefly:

Rain cannot quench thy lantern's light,
Wind makes it shine more brightly bright;
Oh why not fly to heaven afar,
And twinkle near the moon—a star?

Li Po died by drowning, through trying to embrace the reflection of the moon when drunk. His control of the "stop-short," we are told, is considered to be perfect. Here is another:

The birds have all flown to their roost in the tree,
The last cloud has just floated lazily by;
But we never tire of each other, not we,
As we sit there together,—the mountains and I.

The Chinese consider suggestion to be the essence of poetry. Here, again, Li Po is regarded as the Laureate. This is often quoted as a model in its own particular line:

A tortoise I see
on a lotus-flower resting:
A bird 'mid the reeds
and the rushes is nesting;
A light skiff propelled
by some boatman's fair daughter,
Whose song dies away
o'er the fast-flowing water.

Again we must, perchance, skip a few centuries, for the Chinese novel beckons, if it does not allure. They range their fiction under four heads, dealing with (1) usurpation and plotting, (2) love and intrigue, (3) superstition, (4) brigandage. The highest point of development reached by the Chinese novel is to be found in the work called *The Dream of the Red Chamber*. As might be expected in a country where so many things are done on the Alice-in-Wonderland principle, the name of the author is unknown. It is published in twenty-four volumes octavo, and 400 characters meander through its pages. Novels and stories, we may add, are not classed in China as literature. Neither are the popular collections of wit and humour. Mr. Dan Leno might have invented this:

A man asked a friend to stay and have tea. Unfortunately there was no tea in the house, so a servant was sent to borrow some. Before the latter had returned the water was already boiling, and it became necessary to pour in more cold water. This happened several times, and at length the boiler was overflowing, but no tea had come. Then the man's wife said to her husband, "As we don't seem likely to get any tea, you had better offer your friend a bath!"

And this might have come from a civilian on the military staff of a weekly paper:

A general was hard pressed in battle and on the point of giving way, when suddenly a spirit soldier came to his rescue and enabled him to win a great victory. Prostrating himself on the ground, he asked the spirit's name. "I am the God of the Target," replied the spirit. "And how have I merited your godship's kind assistance?" inquired the general. "I am grateful to you," answered the spirit, "because in your days of practice you never once hit me."

Dr. Giles's volume is a *tour de force* in scholarship. He stands well away from the weight of his enormous subject, and by his brisk and clear exposition has earned the gratitude of the general reader. One humble student, at least, would be grateful if he would expand the first fifty-six pages of this volume into a book.

Wagner.

Life of Richard Wagner. Being an Authorised English Version, by W. Ashton Ellis, of C. F. Glasenapp's *Das Leben Richard Wagners*. (Kegan Paul. 16s.)

MR. ASHTON ELLIS, who has already given us translations of all Wagner's prose works, is now completing his task of love by giving us the first adequate biography of the great musician which has appeared in English. It is a revised version of Glasenapp's work, the monumental German *Life of Wagner*. As he explains, he has freely

altered the form of the German sentences, where he judged it necessary in order to accommodate them to English style, re-writing rather than translating them. Nevertheless, as he claims, it is essentially a translation, if in parts a revised one. The book, as judged by this first volume, is excellent. It is elaborately full, yet well-proportioned, systematic.

To name Wagner is to think of stormful power and energy, in music and in life. The man, above all other musicians, above Handel, above that largely kindred spirit, Berlioz, was a fighter. It is on his countenance, as we know it when his life had inscribed its story there; in the resolute chin, the stern mouth, the aggressive nose, the eye which seems ever fixed on an object; a dominant, militant face, with nothing of the visionary softness which certain novelists love to dream of in their ideal musician. Ill would such a nature have fronted Wagner's task in life—as if you should start to hew rocks with a silver hatchet. Yet the man had visions, as we know; a visionary, like his own questers of the Sangreal, with a coat of steel, without which he would scarce have gone far; for beasts of prey were to be fought with, mainly of the hyena kind, which (as we know) hunts in troops, a laughing animal—not in reverent manner. From the simian French, and the slow German porcine kind, too, he had much trouble—an honest animal, the latter, but not over-manageable in the traces of Art. Of his contest with all these, his life is largely a record, till he found his Grail in *Parsifal*—and died. Withal, as was most necessary in such a destiny, he was a hearty laugher—not in the grim Carlylean fashion, but with good Teutonic mirth, and a prankishness that could wholesomely cast off dignity on occasion. Your weeping philosopher, one thinks, cannot go far, or madness must lie in his path.

A child of battle, the cannon smoke of Lutzen and Bautzen drifted towards his birth chamber on that 22nd of May, 1813, when Napoleon—the snows of Russia scarce melted from his grey *redingote*—led his conscripts on Dresden. Within the house where the cradled Richard lay resounded the cannon of the nations, for three days straitening their flaming girdle round the French forces, till the Saxons, abandoning their king, turned their muskets against his Gallic allies, and all was over. Under the window of that room where he was cradled fled down the Brühl the hatless emperor, vanquished at last in pitched battle. To his unheeding infant ear came the sounds of the allied entry into Leipzig. Soon after Friedrich Wagner the actuary, carried off by hospital fever, left his child an orphan. Fit birth for a fighter; and his childhood was no less fit in its surroundings for the ultimate music dramatist. His mother was re-married to the actor and painter Geyer, the family removing to Dresden, where Geyer was a leading member of the Court Theatre company. The actor was accustomed to enact puppet plays and light pieces written by himself at his own home. Richard's brother Albert, his sisters Rosalie and Clara, took to the stage by natural impulse. Rosalie, in particular, was a celebrated *prima donna*, and Albert became an excellent operatic singer. Geyer, moreover, contracted a friendship with the composer Weber, which had an important effect on his stepson's life. For even after Geyer's death, which occurred before little Richard began his schooldays, Weber still visted the widow when he came to Dresden. "Der Freischutz" was then in the first glow of its popularity, and Wagner's worship of it and its composer was idolatrous. He drew his little sister to him as Weber entered the house: "My! that's the greatest man alive! How great he is you haven't the *weeniest* notion." He never lost that worship of the man who had first made the Germanic spirit vocal in opera, the pioneer of his own more vast and revolutionary work.

Wagner the child, with all his early delicacy, was clear father of the man. The ready sensibility of his nature showed itself abundantly. His little sister Cäcilie heard

him laugh and cry, shout and talk in his sleep; and at all times tears were as ready to him as laughter. He feared ghosts devoutly. Yet he was no solitary moper, but full of merry mischief. Cäcilie would be wakened in the night by the voice of Richard from beneath her couch: "Cile, Cile, there is a big bogey under your bed!" She was his habitual companion at home, and the two children were in endless pranks and activities. He was a fearless climber then, as he was later in ambition; and had a special genius for standing on his head, an accomplishment which he practised in mature years—on the sofa—to the solemn horror of that prig of philosophers, Nietzsche. He loved animals, then as always, with a preference for dogs; and, then as always, could not endure the infliction of pain on beasts. He kissed the horses that had taken him a journey. At the Dresden Kreuzschule he was soon the leader of a following among his schoolfellows, by reason of his wit and spirits, while the stupid hated him. A born leader! No less did his headstrong overbearing of opposition reveal itself, to the making of enemies: what he willed must be, no matter who resisted. It was the same Wagner who carried the standard of his music through a hooting Europe. Here he began to write plays on the Greek model, soon to be abandoned for a grand Shakespearian tragedy. Already, by the approach of his thirteenth year, he had studied English to translate Shakespeare. At Leipzig, whither the family removed, he neglected his studies for a while; and the discovery of his tragedy brought dismay to the family bosom. But worse was in store, for he took to music. The hearing of Beethoven's symphonies at the Gewandhaus concerts made him a musician, as the reading of Spenser made Cowley and Keats poets. He must compose. Thereto he mastered Logier's *Method* in a week, and did compose, after a fashion. Lessons followed, but his first master was a pedant, and he neglected these studies too. Meanwhile, he read the wonder-tales of Hoffmann, and became a fiery mystic, as he remained through life. In Hoffmann, too, he must have found suggestions of his own future philosophy of music. He read, also, Tieck's *Tannhäuser*—the legend which was to suggest (though in another form and from an older source) his great opera. Auber's *Masaniello* moved him to an enthusiasm which was lifelong, and the July revolution made him a revolutionary. And at last he had an overture performed (unsuccessfully enough) at the Court Theatre, which is said to have shown remarkable signs of his future daring. At Leipzig University a period of wild student life was followed by a return to music, and under the wise lessons of Weinlig he learned all he yet needed. It was still Beethoven, Beethoven, even when he composed his Symphony in C, afterwards performed at Prague and Leipzig. With a visit to Vienna and Prague, which inspired his first operatic attempt, begins the long struggle of his life. At one city after another he tried to earn a living. As chorus master at Wurzburg, where he had the advice of his brother Albert the singer, he composed "Die Feen," only to meet dogged recalcitrance when he endeavoured to secure its performance on his return to Leipzig. It was shunted for Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet," when Mme. Schröder-Devrient scored so splendid a success in a wretched piece as set Wagner thinking. He began to see what opera needed to be attractive. German and mystic, he nevertheless grew dissatisfied with "Germanism" and mysticism as they showed themselves in the native opera of that day. In Vienna he had already been enraptured by the joyous sensuousness of the South—for all his life there was a strong sensuous element in him. The result was an article in his friend Laube's paper, so remarkable that we quote from it. At twenty-two he had already grasped the principles (in large measure) which underlay his later work:

We have a field which belongs to us by right—and that is instrumental music; but a German opera we have not.

... We are too intellectual and much too learned to create warm human figures. In this respect the Italians have an immense advantage over us; vocal beauty with them is a second nature, and their creations are just as sensuously warm as poor, for the rest, in individual import.

And the future master of tumultuous music goes on to assail the "eternal orchestral bustle." Then he proceeds:

Not that I wish French or Italian music to oust our own; . . . but we ought to recognise the *true* in both, and keep ourselves from all self-satisfied hypocrisy. . . . Why has no German opera come to the front for so long? Because none knows how to gain the ear of the people—that is to say, because none has seized true, warm life as it is. For is it not plainly to misconstrue the present age to go on writing oratorios when no one believes any longer in either their contents or their form? What with Bach or Handel seems worshipful to us, in virtue of its truth, must necessarily sound ridiculous with Fr. Schneider of our day; for, to repeat it, no one *believes* him, since it cannot be his conviction. . . . He will be master who writes neither Italian nor French nor even German.

Here was a manifesto! Nevertheless, for a while, in his successive posts as Kapellmeister at Magdeburg and Riga, he admired and followed the light French music he conducted. On that model he composed the "Novice of Palermo," which failed in two performances at Magdeburg. The second night it was not performed at all. One of the performers became jealous of the second tenor's proceedings with his wife. When the second tenor appeared behind the scenes, he received him with a blow in the face, and soon sent him bleeding to his dressing-room. The wife rushed on her angry husband, and was greeted in the same fashion. Then the whole company took sides, and in a general scrimmage the opera became impossible.

Before starting for Riga, Wagner had married the pretty actress, Minna Planer. But Riga offered small pickings for a struggling young married musician; and tired of semi-beggary, he at last determined to carry the war into Paris. With the score of "Rienzi" in his pocket, he started by sea, via London, and at Boulogne fell in with Meyerbeer. Meyerbeer gave him fine promises and several introductions, which were to do him small service; and thus armed he reached Paris.

He went to scale in conquest the heights of music; he remained for two and a half years of bitter disappointment, daily need, and musical drudgery on a level with the dreariest journalism. For compensation he had the intellectual *élite* of his day: heard Habeneck conduct the symphonies of Beethoven as he had never heard them before; dined with Heine; mixed with musicians such as his affinity, Berlioz, to whom he did justice, but who jealously railed on him; Liszt—afterwards to be his best friend—and many another great name. Amid such company he grew in musical stature; and the true outcome of Paris was "Rienzi" and the "Flying Dutchman." After long delays, "Rienzi" was accepted and produced at Dresden. He hastened home for its performance; it was a success—he was saved! True, the "Dutchman" failed; but they made him Kapellmeister at Dresden, and his troubles (he thought) were over. Here the present volume ends. We know they were not over; we know the revolutionary outbreak, the exile, the years of feverish despair and feverish work, the struggle, almost single-handed, against the scorn of Europe; till Ludwig of Bavaria appeared, and the great triumph, the vast reaction, began slowly to evolve itself. These things are for further volumes, but in outline they are all men's property. Full of paroxysmal merriment and depression, pouring forth music, controversy, criticism, satire, scorn, he worked out his life to the last. And he remains one of the indubitable Titans.

Legends of the Primitive Church.

Studia Sinaitica Nos. IX. and X.: Select Narratives of Holy Women. Edited by Agnes Smith Lewis. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THE Syriac version of the Gospels discovered by Mrs. Lewis in 1892 at the Convent of St. Katharine on Mount Sinai, and already published by her, was a palimpsest, and had been half effaced to make room for another Syriac document written over it. Of this last, Mrs. Lewis gives us here the Syriac text with an English translation, and it proves to be the acts of different Oriental saints written in the manner that Charles Kingsley successfully imitated, rather than burlesqued, in the last chapter of *Hypatia*. Taking them altogether, and with every allowance for the Eastern imagination, they form what is probably a life-like picture of the scenes attending the introduction of Christianity into the East.

The stories here given naturally divide themselves into those which may be believed and those which may not. Those in the first category appear to be the earlier in date, or, at all events, to be referable to a time when Christianity had not yet established itself in Egypt and Syria. They are all modelled on the story of Thecla, the noble Roman maiden who left her parents and her betrothed to dress herself in man's clothes and follow St. Paul, with whom she sate in prison "listening to his teaching and kissing his fetters." Mrs. Lewis gives us only a summary of this story, but the reader who cares to look for it can find the whole tale in the "Acts of Paul and Thecla," which are translated at length in Clark's *Anti-Nicene Library*. The same summary treatment has been accorded to the story of Pelagia the harlot, from which Kingsley appears to have borrowed much in the novel already mentioned. A fair specimen of this class, perhaps, is the legend of the blessed Euphrosyne, the only child of rich parents and of great beauty, who by the advice of a pious hermit enters a monastery without the consent of her family, and, to prevent them discovering her, disguises herself as a palace eunuch. Here she hides for twenty years, while her parents seek her sorrowing, and even comforts her own father, who comes to the monastery as a penitent, without revealing herself to him. At length, on her death-bed, she does so, apparently because she wishes that he and no one else may prepare her corpse for burial, and "then her father Paphnutius gave all his wealth and his possessions to the churches and to the monasteries, to the poor, the orphans and the widows. But he gave the greater part of his riches to the monastery in which his daughter Euphrosyne lay." The same story is told with such slight alterations of time and place of the blessed Eugenia (of Egypt) and the blessed Mary (of Bithynia), that one may suppose such conversions were of very frequent occurrence; and that the life-long deceit on the part of the convert, and the agony of mind to the convert's parents that they entailed, were considered by the Christian missionaries as not to be weighed against the spiritual and temporal benefits that the Church derived from them. Yet they go far to explain why good and enlightened governors like Marcus Aurelius, Diocletian, and Julian looked upon Christianity as a danger to the State, and why at a time when they were hardly pressed by the Barbarians they did violence to their own feelings by attempting to crush it by open and violent persecution. "There are found gods who prohibit men from begetting children, and if men are hindered from begetting children," says a memorial to the throne here quoted, "how will there be a renewal to Rome? And how will the army of the Romans be increased and grow, by means of which conflicts are carried on, and by which the victorious right hand of your Divinity subdues in battle the hosts of the foreign enemies which oppose us?" Such arguments appear to Mrs. Lewis herself to have a certain cogency.

A lurid light is thrown on the persecutions thus provoked by the incredible stories making up the remainder of the book. Thus, in the story of Saint Drusis of Antioch, the heroine is a daughter of Trajan unknown to history, and betrothed to his successor Hadrian, but she is so moved by the sight of the holy women coming by night to steal from the gallows the corpses of Christian martyrs that at a public execution she baptizes herself in a convenient well, and is burnt along with the other believers. So, in the story of the blessed Euphemia, the martyr is tortured in vain, for by miracle after miracle "the saws were turned about, and were scattered; also the pans of fire that were fixed amongst them were quenched, and no hurt came to her from any of these things, because the angels of God kept close to her for her assistance." Although it is rather difficult to see why pains that they did not feel, and which were, in fact, non-existent, should be counted to the victims of persecution for righteousness, we have no doubt such stories had considerable effect in inducing other confessors to offer themselves for martyrdom. That they should have done so even with the hope that such miracles would be repeated is, of course, astonishing enough; but it should not be forgotten that the Christians were one and all of them buoyed up by the constantly-repeated assertion of their teachers that the Second Advent was at hand, and that to confess Christ before men was their one chance of escaping from an eternity of far worse tortures. The curses that they are here represented as heaping upon their tormentors show that in some particulars their lower natures had remained untouched by their conversion, and contrast disagreeably with the really disinterested effort made by some of their judges to induce them to take the shortest way out of their torments by making a merely formal submission to the State faith.

Literary America.

A Literary History of America. By Barrett Wendell. (Unwin.)

THERE is very little literary history in America. To that conclusion must you come after reading Prof. Wendell's book. All the literature worth the name in this volume might be covered by the first fifty years of the last century—for living writers Prof. Wendell omits from his survey. The real literature begins with Brockden Brown, and the actual "history" ends with Walt Whitman. The earlier literature may be gauged by the fact that its greatest name is Franklin. Prof. Wendell's book is useful, painstaking, and adequate, if it cannot be called any wise brilliant. He knows his subject, as might be expected from a professor of English literature at Harvard, and he keeps much on the "permanent way" of traditional criticism. When he departs from it his remarks are not always notable for originality or insight. His criticism of Poe is a favourable example. He notes the tendency of American literature as a whole to that delicate cultivation of form in which Poe excels, to a general refinement and artistic conscience not much recognised among those who take Walt Whitman as the representative poet of America. It is quite true that American is a delicate and decadent literature (in the better sense of that adjective), having more points of contact with French than English temper of work. This, which he ascribes to national self-consciousness, might rather be assigned to the more high-tuned sensitiveness of American nerves, the quicker mobility of American character. At the same time he talks about Poe's "assumption of an unreal mood." Poe did not assume, and the mood was very real—to Poe; as Prof. Wendell afterwards recognises when he speaks of Poe's "paradoxical sincerity." Nor is "melodramatic" a true word for Poe's best work, unless you disjoin from that word the

implication of insincerity, and take it to signify merely strong juxtaposition of light and shade. Even so, it ill-suits the subtle rightness of tone in Poe's tales.

About Bryant, on the other hand, Prof. Wendell keeps strictly to the rails, and will not hear of that venerable American's "delicacy" being "mistaken for commonplace." We are still hardened in that mistake. Lowell was a keener critic, whom Prof. Wendell quotes:

There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
Like a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is dignified,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o' nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation,
(There's no doubt he stands in supreme isolation)
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on,—
He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on;
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

It is a comfort to hear this witty truth about the Father of American Poetry—a cross between Thomson and Wordsworth, without a spark of the power in either. It should long since have put him out of the anthologies.

On such a man as Fenimore Cooper Prof. Wendell is adequate, for, unsubtle himself, Cooper requires no subtlety in his critic. But when we take a test case like Emerson, the author is but fairly satisfactory. He has sympathy, but not penetrative sympathy; perception of faults, but not penetrative perception. He finds a contradiction in the fact that Emerson was at once Transcendentalist and shrewd Yankee. It is only a contradiction on the supposition that there is in idealism an element of moonshine, that its professor must be a little lacking in sanity. And, despite his considerable sympathy with idealism, Prof. Wendell obviously has this feeling at the back of his mind. Like most men, he supposes that common sense must pay for uncommon sense. It does in the smaller men, but not in the greatest. The book, however, in spite of shortcomings, is good and worth reading. It fills a place, though but for its time. The permanent history of American literature has yet to come.

Charm.

My First Voyage, My First Lie. Related by Alphonse Daudet to Robert H. Sherard. (Digby, Long.)

This book, spoken familiarly by Daudet in French, and written by Mr. Sherard in English, is much better than anyone had the right to expect; and Daudet's visit to "silent London" in 1895 was not in vain, since the idea of the volume was exocitated then at the novelist's London hotel. Yet there is nothing in it: analyse it, and you arrive at precisely naught, save charm. People of scientific temperament often demand a definition of "charm." *My First Voyage* is a definition of the word in a hundred and seventy-five pages. The book is a mental "reconstitution" of an episode of Daudet's Southern childhood—a childhood of Tartarin! At the age of ten or so he was dispatched, with a companion of equal maturity, by steamer from Beaucaire to Lyons, on the rapid Rhone. The boys were going to school. The recital is a history, with gaps due to defective memory, of the voyage. Alphonse invented the lies—those lies which were to supply the halo of glory demanded by the Southern temperament, and which continually resulted in the most absurd quandaries—and Léonce loyally supported the colossal structure of deceit. First they were naval cadets on a holiday, and naval cadets they remained till a spleen Englishman exposed them at the end of the journey; but meanwhile they deviated

into practised horsemen—Centaurs, in fact, lovers of Turkish *houris*, swimmers of the Bosphorus, ravishers of married women, and so on.

What in the world made me say that? Who or what prompted me? Was it thou, great apoplectic sun, who wast clearing from thy face the pink mists of morning? Was it thou, great Mistral, who didst intoxicate me with all the perfumes of field and water, which thou bearest along, and dost scatter abroad from thy spreading pinions?

Was it the Tarasconnais and Tartarine atmosphere in which the soul of Tartarin was brooding? Who shall say?

Some of the descriptions of Rhone life are entirely delightful. Here is one:

There are no better fellows in the world than the barges of the Rhone, with their eyes clear and sparkling like the white wine of Condrieu, a place on the banks of the Rhone, the native place of most of them. During my voyage on the *Bonnardelle* I used to amuse myself by watching them at their work, on the barges which, like our steamer, were going up the river. I could see them seated, bare-legged, on the leader of a string of mules, guiding through invisible fords the sturdy animals who towed huge barges laden with barrels of wine and blocks of quarried stone. Now and again the man at the tiller would command in a loud voice, according as the boats were to go to the right or to the left: "*Empéri!* . . . *Riaume!*"—(Empire, Royaume)—which to the mariners of the Rhone signifies, Port or Starboard. These terms are derived from the ancient appellations with which in the Middle Ages they distinguished the shores of the Kingdom of Arles and of the Empire of Germany. Oh, magic sound of these provençal syllables, which for six hundred years have rung out over the same on the winds of the Rhone. *Empéri!* *Riaume!* Empire! Kingdom!

Even to-day, when I hear them—for these terms are still used by the mariners of the Rhone—the same emotions take me.

As may be seen, Mr. Sherard has done his share of the book with discretion and neatness. It is a pity that the proofs were not read with more care.

Other New Books.

THE ATHENIAN DRAMA. EDITED BY G. C. W. WARR.

Most of those whose classical education should have fitted them for taking an appreciative and comprehensive view of Greek literature would have to admit, if urged, that their knowledge of the Athenian drama is bounded by a delectus and a few plays which they are unable to co-ordinate or to explain in relation to the ethical and intellectual conceptions of the age out of which they grew. In fact their training has stopped short at the very point where the human interest enters in. Now the educationists who maintain that the ancient culture is the very finest instrument of mental discipline yet discovered may be entirely right; but it is much more important for us to know where this culture is acquired, and how it comes about that this invaluable instrument is so mishandled at the public schools and universities that all interest in the drama is sapped long before the special training is concluded. Only a few even of those who take a high place in classical honours ever enter the promised land, while an overwhelming majority of the mere "pass" men, being unequal to the exertion of reading the classics in the original, have just sufficient knowledge of them to disdain the "cribs" no longer necessary for pulling them through their examination. The simple truth is that the latter are worse off than the ordinary English reader whose complete ignorance of the language often proves a mild incentive to his finding out in translation something of the drama for himself. Unfortunately the inherent difficulties of the subject are so great, and the whole spirit of the art so unfamiliar, that he rarely penetrates beyond the threshold.

Those who can read between the lines of the preface to the present volume will not only learn the answers to some of the questions suggested by the above statements, but also will be tempted, Prof. Warr leading, to take the first cold plunge into Attic waters.

The three plays here translated are the "Agamemnon," "Choephoroe," and the "Eumenides," preceded by a short essay on "The Rise of Athenian Drama," and followed by a Commentary, which elucidates the difficulties of the text. The interest in the subject is further stimulated by illustrations from bronzes, votive tablets, sculptures, and vases. The present volume, we are glad to learn, is to be succeeded by others dealing with Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. It will be thus possible for the English reader, when the series is complete, to obtain as full and accurate a knowledge of the Athenian Drama as of the Elizabethan. The quotation from Hamlet, by the bye, should be: "A most instant *tetter bark'd about.*" (Allen. Vol. I. 7s. 6d.)

THE HUMAN EAR: ITS IDENTIFICATION AND PHYSIognomy.

BY MIRIAM ANNE ELLIS.

Of human features the ear has received the least attention. The mouth can smile, the nose can sneer, the eye can wink; the ear remains, but for a rare change of colour, always the same. It is less expressive of emotion than that of a dog or a horse, as it is also less sensitive. Hence the poets have been content to liken it to a shell, and so to have done with it, and artists have been content merely to indicate it. A notable exception is the Hermes of Praxiteles, of which the following description gives a general notion of what a pretty ear should look like:

The proportion is true, the length being twice the width. The *helix* is gently curved and tapered, whilst the inclination to mark each of the Five Divisions by a little nick inside and a slight "elbow" form outside, is very noticeable because very rare. The lobe is well curved and pendent and of medium size. The orifice is large, slightly square at the bottom and then slanting up to fit the slope of the ear.

And among painters Raphael "used to draw ears that must have belonged to the face he was painting." This aural conformity is marked first by the size: it is not generally known that the normal length of the ear exactly equals that of the nose from its junction with the forehead to the point where it merges in the upper lip. But beyond that we gather that there is no quality of phrenology but finds itself writ small upon that crinkly page. In the proportion between the five parts into which the *helix* or outer rim is divided, the proportions of the *tragus* and *antitragus*, the shape and size of the lobe are they to be discerned. For purposes of identification the author claims for the ear that between fifteen and sixteen no feature is so constant, no feature so distinctive; she assures us that the most obstinately similar of twins may with absolute assurance be distinguished. She has invented a system of ear-printing which, from the specimens reproduced in the volume, we judge to be perfectly efficient. Among the notable persons earmarked in these pages we note that Sir John Stainer is furnished like Mozart, but with left and right reversed (for ears, it should be noted, are never a pair), and that Dr. Richard Garnett's eldest daughter, Mrs. Guy Hall, "favours" on the right her father's right and on the left her mother's left, with a murmur of her mother's right. The monograph comprises valuable generalisations from very wide observations. Conscience forces us to add that the writer is afflicted with a tendency to facetiousness, and that her "literal" translations are a well-spring of amazement. (Black.)

AMOR AMORIS.

BY W. D. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

Mr. Moncrieff's muse is minor and largely derivative. The sonnets with which it opens are on the Shakespearean model, and carefully reminiscent in manner. But it is ill

to rouse such august associations when they are belied by such dailiness of idea as forms Mr. Moncrieff's thematic material. He is better in some of his lighter and slighter lyrics, where weight of metal is not demanded. "A Song of Spring" is a favourable example. Tennyson has done the thing, of course, after Shakespeare, and done it well; Mr. Alfred Austin has followed Shakespeare and Tennyson prettily; Mr. Moncrieff follows Shakespeare and Tennyson and Mr. Alfred Austin—and 'twill serve:

When willow-wands begin to spring,
And tits and finches peck the spray,
When chattering starlings dress their wing,
And blue grows brighter on the jay,
Then Madge and Molly have a care,
And mind the latch that heads the stair.

When lilacs bud and hedges shoot,
And osier twigs are burnished gold,
When Tom begins to play his flute,
And Colin whistles from the fold,
Then Madge and Molly keep a watch,
And hold your hands against the latch.

When leaves hang brown upon the beech,
And daisies tell the Winter's gone,
It matters naught what parsons preach,
The world will still go wagging on;
Then Madge and Molly have a care,
And bolt the latch that heads the stair.

In another lyric we may note the line, "And her eyes were as bright as a pebble that's wet," which is pretty, though not, we fancy, quite original. In fact, we remember the comparison of a woman's eyes to wet agate, which is better. But, on the whole, Mr. Moncrieff's lyrics have little beyond a pleasant lilt to keep the reader's attention. (Ingram.)

RUMANIA IN 1900.

BY G. BENGERT

Mr. G. Benger, the author of this very exhaustive work on Rumania, is the Rumanian Consul-General in Stuttgart, and his book bears all over it the stamp of the Consular Report. It is accurate and painstaking and, if the truth must be told, a trifle dry. It is in no frivolous mood that Mr. Benger tackles his subject, for his aim is to demonstrate to the statesmen and public of Western Europe the astonishing material and moral progress made by the twin Danubian principalities since they ceased to form an out-lying province of the Sultan's dominions some two decades ago. The kingdom of Rumania, which was constituted in the year 1881, has now become the most flourishing of the smaller states of Eastern Europe, and its social, economic, and even military position can no longer be neglected by the Great Powers who are concerned with the future settlement of the Balkan nationalities. The English edition is by Prof. A. H. Keane. The importance of Rumania consists in the fact that, with Hungary, it forms the great barrier to the spread of Pan-Slav propaganda beyond the Danube, as the two States form a broad linguistic zone which stretches between the northern and southern Slav lands from the Black Sea nearly to Vienna. When the great explosion in the Balkans does take place, the State which commands the navigable mouth of the Danube will be in a position largely to control the course of events in the interests of order, freedom, and the higher aspirations of humanity. As no comprehensive work on the country has appeared in English since Mr. James Samuelson's *Rumania Past and Present*, which was published in 1882, Mr. Benger's book will be welcomed by all students of Eastern politics.

Fiction.

Armageddon as She is Wrote.

The Coming Waterloo. By Captain Cairnes. (Constable. 6s.)*The Invaders.* By Louis Tracy. (Pearson. 6s.)*Driscoll, King of Scouts.* By A. G. Hales. (Arrowsmith. 6s.)

EVERY war produces its own fiction, and these three books are a portion of what we have got for our hundred millions spent in South Africa. It may be said—and we prefer to come to the point at once—that they are as melancholy and nearly as tedious as the war itself. The art of the war-novel has not apparently advanced since Balzac's incomparable Napoleonic recital in *Le Médecin de Campagne*, and the best specimens of such fiction during the last hundred years are still that same recital and Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. These present practisers have not even contrived to sit at the feet of Stephen Crane. Captain Cairnes may know a great deal about war—one hears that his criticisms in the *Westminster Gazette* have made him a reputation—but he knows very little about fiction. Mr. Louis Tracy may, and does, know something of the cruder technique and trickeries of sensational romance; but either he or Tolstoi knows nothing of war. As for Mr. Hales, he is a man with a mission and a flow of Austral metaphors. The first two novels are of the prophetic sort. Dozens of similar works have been written during the past decade, and these two are, probably, neither above nor beneath the average. They most of them spring from an inability inherent in a certain type of mind—the inability when one is on a precipice to refrain from looking over the edge and saying: "How dreadful to fall! We should be smashed into so many fragments!" (Or: "We should escape scathless, by the grace of God!" as the case might be.)

Captain Cairnes invades France, while Mr. Tracy invades England. The latter procedure is, of course, more exciting. Captain Cairnes begins with a magniloquent introduction, in which occur most of the loved Fleet-street phrases:

Growing spirit of unrest among the nations of the old world.

The burden of the maintenance of these vast armies and enormous navies under which all nations groaned alike.

Armed truce.

The great nations locked in a life-and-death struggle for existence.

And so on.

Before he gets to the end of his introduction, Captain Cairnes has England and France in full combat, and Germany and Russia have joined the game. England's navy soon "swept the seas" (cf. Campbell's "Sweep through the deep"), but the brooking did not suffice; it was indecisive. Therefore France must be invaded, or, rather, "an expeditionary force" must be "thrown" into France, while Germany entered also *via* Belgium. At this point the detailed narrative begins. The campaign of the new Waterloo is a brief one, initiated by a little naval "scrap" near Boulogne, and ended within about twenty miles of that haunt of destitute English. The expeditionary force is landed with ridiculous ease (though not so secretly as Mr. Tracy introduces a hundred thousand armed Germans into England). The fighting is seen through the eyes of Lieutenant Walter Desmond, a remarkable young officer who is soon attached to the general staff. On page 339 he is wounded. "With a great roaring in his ears he sank into unconsciousness." (Asterisks.) The campaign seems to be more tactical than strategic, but, despite the aid of a large scale map, it is somewhat difficult to follow. Ultimately we "whip the French all along the line," and the causes of our success are kites, suspended searchlights, plague in the Russian army, a new sort of electric launch,

wireless telegraphy, and good shooting. This last above all. The book is an apotheosis of the British rifle. On the last page occurs this sentence in italics: "The highly-trained few will annihilate the half-trained multitude in the fighting of the future." Such is Captain Cairnes's message. It would have been better enforced if he had been acquainted with a few of the simpler rules of fiction, as that the characters must not talk at the reader, but among themselves. Captain Cairnes has some invention, but no imaginative power; he cannot realise a scene, and his puppets behave, as other puppets in other romances, not as in life. No amount of military knowledge will atone for that, for after all, as someone said, it is a case of "the man behind the gun."

Mr. Tracy's *The Invaders* is a piled-up dish of glorious horrors, concluding with a marriage announcement in the *Times*. The Germans don't invade England; they stealthily enter it, and before Lord Salisbury can say "Beaconsfield" they have occupied several big towns—Liverpool in particular. It is unique. But be assured, Lord Salisbury is there. The United States cable to ask if we want help, and Lord Salisbury replies, grimly, "No, not yet." Then to work. Captain the Hon. Robert Dalrymple Hamilton, of the Guards, and young Tom Pratt (urchin, afterwards V.C.)! It is useless for the German army, helped by France, to fight against these. Slowly but surely the end approaches. France is self-betrayed, "as usual," and General Mercier makes a conspicuous spectacle of himself. At length England is in a position to dictate terms of peace. The terms provide, *inter alia*, for the imprisonment with hard labour of all the units of the opposing armies (except high officers, who are treated as first-class misdemeanants), and for the abolition of all navies except those of England and the United States.

Such is war.

To what extent Mr. A. G. Hales is justified in labelling his characters with the names of real people, we do not know. *Driscoll* is a South African satire at the expense of the "society" officer—but a satire which is robbed of all effectiveness by its infantile ferocity and clumsiness. Mr. Hales sets up a dandified Colonel with an eye-glass, and calls him Colonel Glasseye! He has invented a style of writing which embodies the more exasperating characteristics of Melbourne and of New York journalism:

Driscoll's great rough voice, which only had music on its outside edges, topped every other sound, and went thundering through the ravines, knocking up against the kopjes until it split into a myriad echoes, which chased each other like a squad of cavalry out into the open country.

Mr. Hales is an able man in some directions, and he has the quality known as "horse-sense." It is a pity that his valuable disciplinary intentions have been rendered futile by the excesses of a too flamboyant individuality. Regarded as mere fiction, *Driscoll* does not demand criticism; it ranks with the score or so of mediocre novels which we receive every week.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

EBEN HOLDEN.

BY IRVING BACHELLER.

This story comes to us with the record of a huge American circulation. Over there nearly half a million copies have been sold. The author tells, in a preface, that the book has grown out of such enforced leisure as one may find in a busy life. "Chapters begun in the publicity of a Pullman car have been finished in the cheerless solitude of a hotel chamber. Some have had their beginning in a sleepless night and their end in a

day of bronchitis." Uncle Eb. takes his place easily with the best of his type, and it is a type of which one does not readily tire. "Of all the people that ever went West, that expedition was the most remarkable." Of this expedition Uncle Eb. was the chief. The book has many interests of love and adventure, but the one figure shines through all—honest, sentimental, sound. "Tell ye one thing, Dave Brower," he whispered to himself as he drew off his boots, "when some folks calls ye a fool's a purty good sign ye ain't." (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

THE BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

BY THOMAS COBB.

A book of ingenious complications and bright dialogue. In the first chapter we have: "Myrtle Darbshire's child is about a month old and her husband is suing for a divorce." This from the mouth of a gentleman who is the lover of the Bishop's daughter. It is spoken in the Bishop's presence, and, on hearing it, the Bishop makes the following very proper remark: "This is an extremely unpleasant occurrence, Norman—extremely unpleasant." The unfortunate Norman, who is naturally perfectly innocent, is made co-respondent. But the story is human and pure comedy; even the guilty man is let off easily, and the Bishop is induced to change many of his opinions. His two daughters were better judges of character than he. (Richards. 6s.)

THE PRETTINESS OF FOOLS.

BY EDGAR HEWITT.

"This is the story of two men and a woman, and they all intended to be good to each other. Both men thought the woman beautiful; but a third got wrathfully excited concerning her chin alone." Thus Mr. Hewitt begins his book, and thus, more or less, he continues it. If one admits the prettiness of his ladies, one must also admit their foolishness. There is a good deal of this sort of thing: "The coils of her dark hair were against his heart; her eyes were lifted, and sparkled with victory in the luxurious gloom." (Greening. 6s.)

THE AFTERTASTE.

BY COMPTON READE.

"Never again . . . tell me there is no God. There is a God, and He has given mine enemy into my hand. Four hundred miles have I tramped in terror of that one man. That stronghold, his money, lies at my mercy." Thus soliloquises a tramp who has discovered the bleeding body of a hunting gentleman "in a plain black coat," whose pockets he has rifled, finding in them money, a Bank of England cheque-book, and a "slip of stamped paper" with a signature. The rest of the book is in the same key, though now and then less strident and more human. (Greening. 6s.)

MAYA: A STORY OF ZUCATAN.

BY W. DUDLEY FOULKE.

In *Maya* a good deal of learning is combined with a good deal of entertainment. It is the story of two shipwrecked Spaniards, who, in the year 1512, were cast on the shores of Zucatan. One of them was beloved by an Indian Princess, to his own great peril and that of her country. He was, by the lady, imposed upon her people as a divinity. "He is the God whose coming was foretold in the books of Chilan-Balam." Hence much adventure and sentiment. (Putnams.)

MARKED WITH A CIPHER.

BY WINEFRIDE
TRAFFORD-TAUNTON.

Moves in the best social circles. "What is he, Urith? 'A savant, a philosopher, a genius, an enthusiast . . . he is—an artist—he is—Mirabel Fleet.' . . . So Isolde pestered Urith to become a professional player, to allow Mirabel Fleet to bring her out." . . . "Things are very crooked," murmured Aunt Ellinor. . . . "Let us hope, in the resolution of the great chord of creation, these things form the notes of the omniphonic harmony of heaven." Quite modern, and looks readable. (Downey. 6s.)

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A New American Humorist.*

It is necessary to begin with definitions. Genius, as Major Pond uses the word, has not quite the meaning which we usually give it. To him it means the quality of merit possessed by persons who have successfully taken the platform or done "lyceum" work under Major Pond's management. Eccentricities are merely the personal habits of these lecturers—not necessarily odd or unconventional at all. The qualification, successful, has had to be inserted on account of poor Matthew Arnold; for this unhappy gentleman, whose intellectual gifts we are in this country disposed to look upon with some favour, comes very badly out of the Major's record. The unpardonable offence was his—he did not make himself heard, nor had he a happy lyceum manner; therein differing entirely from Sir Edwin of the same name, to whom the Major gives pages of his best praise. To sum up, then, a genius is a successful and audible client of Major Pond; and eccentricities are a genius's characteristics.

And now to the book. Major Pond had a beginning similar to that of his countryman Benjamin Franklin: he was apprenticed to a printer. He reached the lyceum platform through the aid of Brigham Young's nineteenth wife, who required an agent on her lecture tour in 1875. Major Pond left the *Salt Lake Tribune* in order to fill this post, and he has been an impressario ever since. In 1899 he renewed his connexion with Mormonism by placing Mr. Marion Crawford with the Brigham Young Normal College at Provo—"to place with" being a phrase in the lyceum vernacular. When the Major, whose military title at that period is not recorded—"Major Pond," said Max O'Rell, "is the only man I met in America who was not a colonel")—when the Major left his first employer in 1856 he received a piece of advice, to the observance of which he owes his present success. Our young readers will find it in the book.

Major Pond's string of scalps is certainly an imposing one, and we can but run rapidly through his history of them. Highest on his list are Mark Twain, Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Chauncey Depew, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Ian Maclaren. In turn each of these seems to be the Major's true ideal of perfection in speaker and friend; for the Major has that gift of enthusiasm which crowns the present moment at the expense of all others. How he has heard the chimes at midnight! But his pages on these great ones do not exactly convince. Had we nothing to go by but the Major's account, Mark Twain, for example, would seem but an easily-depressed, commonplace talker who lay in bed till evening and then lectured to large houses. His lectures are not reported; and though the Major holds up his hands ecstatically at the memory of his after-lecture jokes with the pressmen, he repeats none of them, save a too elaborate comparison of Bill Nye and Whitcomb Riley to the Siamese twins. He gives us instead from his diary descriptions of railway journeys,

* *Eccentricities of Genius.* By Major Pond. (Chatto & Windus. 12s.)

hotels, and the humorist's ill-humours: we want more. When we come to Mr. Chauncey Depew it is the same. The Major regards him as "the peerless all-round orator of the present time," and states that General Grant remarked of one of Mr. Depew's after-dinner utterances: "That was the greatest speech that ever fell from human lips"; but we do not have the golden words. And hence we lay down the book and muse on this wonderful gift of admiration, this touching want of critical faculty and proportion, that so many Americans possess and prize.

But the Major waits. His experience of English authors and public men has been extensive. He breakfasted twice with Mr. Gladstone, and was so entertaining with his stories that Mr. Gladstone asked him to come again and talk even harder, and promised that there should be a stenographer behind a screen to take them down. The Major went, talked better than ever, and said good-bye. We give the pathetic conclusion in his own words: "The reporter was concealed behind a screen very near. I have looked for the stories in print, but I never found them."

Sir Edwin Arnold and the Major are old friends. "To him," says the Major, "perhaps, as political writer and Asiatic scholar and poet, is far more due the beginning of present British Imperialism as a political condition than to either Chamberlain as statesman, or Kipling as singer of the Greater Englander." We are more disposed to believe the Major when he describes the old *Telegraph* leaders as "peculiarly rich and resplendent." Major Pond introduced Sir Edwin to Walt Whitman. "For an hour and a half the talk ran fast and without intermission. Walt had much to tell, and so had Sir Edwin; it was a shower of literary epigrams." (So, also, we may add, was, according to the Major, one of Mr. Zangwill's lectures.) "Americans," said Sir Edwin, "are a great people of remarkable intellect." "Arnold," said the American bard (the Major's name for Walt) "we're a lively, hustling people; and we're too practical to appreciate the full sentiment of our verse. Yes, we have not the high poetical spirit of the Japanese in this country."

Mr. Zangwill gave the Major a little trouble—so much so that his title to the epithet genius is not by any means yet absolute. For one thing, "he couldn't understand why he should come over to America and draw great crowds and I get a third of the profits." He looked the Major "right square in the eye when he talked, and whatever he said was so because he said so, although I knew better at the time." Also he showed the Major a trunk full of press-cuttings. "There must have been \$500 worth." Mr. Hall Caine, also, does not quite win the superlatives we expect. Perhaps Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie has them. None the less, his "is one of the most remarkable of personalities." America did not, however, altogether please this genius. In the Major's words:

The overwhelming success of the play of "The Christian" had in some way led Mr. Caine to believe that there would be the same sort of rush of people to hear the author of "The Christian." While there were good-paying audiences—of the most select people, of course—there were not galleries and big crowds such as Mr. Caine had been accustomed to see at performances of the play. The disappointment affected him very much. I had all I could do to keep him cheered up.

In Chicago, however, he had a great success. He went to a meeting of Manxmen, where he "towered above everybody else." The Major rather spoils this by adding: "His was the only speech, as no one else there could talk."

Neither Mr. Caine nor Mr. Zangwill quite won a way into the Major's kindly heart—for kindly we are sure it is. On the contrary, Anthony Hope did—"an English gentleman in every sense that the words imply," to whom were tendered many of "the most delightful banquets that I have known any foreigner to get." We hope that Mr. Hawkins got them. The Major's diary yields the following tribute: "Jan. 15, 1898: Saw my dear friend, Anthony Hope

Hawkins, on board the *Umbria*, bound for England. Sorry to part with him; never had a better time in any man's company for three months. He is an honour to his profession, his country, and his race. This evening I join F. Marion Crawford for a three months' tour to the Pacific coast." Mr. Crawford won the Major's heart, too, but not so completely: his habits are too precise. His method of arranging writing materials, his particular ways at hotels and on trains, his fastidiousness ("his silver monogram is on every article of his toilet and writing equipment and his travelling bags"), fascinate the Major; but Mr. Crawford did not much want to be placed with institutes, and this diffidence is against him. None the less Mr. Crawford is "always the perfect gentleman," and when he went back to Italy, the Major grieved. "I was lonesome without him, and busied myself at odd times with writing him letters, which he never answered." A reply, however, did, come at last, and all was well.

But of all recent clients, Ian Maclare, or the Rev. John Watson, has captured most of the Major's sympathies. He has the longest chapter and some of the warmest epithets, and the Major plays the veritable Boswell to him. Thus, Mrs. Watson had been not very well and was not expected to join her husband on one of his journeys. But a message suddenly came from her saying that she was better and would meet him the next morning in Chicago:

"Astonishing," said the doctor, his face fairly beaming. "Can I send a telegram right away?" he asked.

"I'll take it," said I, for I wanted to do something.

He wrote a telegram after the English manner—as few words as possible—and this is the way it read:

"Mrs. Watson, West Hotel, Minneapolis. 'Much lifted. WATSON.'"

I made a copy of it, which I handed in at the office, retaining the original. I have never parted with a word of his or Mr. Beecher's manuscript.

Let Major Pond's faithful diary speak Ian Maclare's final praise: "He is a noble man. My heart is too full for utterance. Our tour has been a great success. In ten weeks we have cleared 35,795 dols."

This passage illustrates to perfection the Major's curious blend of friendliness and commercial sagacity. We take leave of him with regret, for this book is a pleasant string of kindnesses and simple self-revelations, and the author comes out of it triumphantly as a very worthy man and a first-rate (if not too conscious) humorist.

"To Lallie—who is Dead."

God made you very fair;
I cannot dream He meant you to be lost;
At what tremendous cost
Could Earth supply such wealth of golden hair?

That pansied arch above,
Nor all the shining vast of Morning skies,
Could make two wistful eyes
Like those through which I read your loan of love.

Not all the rose's heart
Nor heart of ev'ry Summer-breathing rose
That ever buds and blows
Could match those lips your laughter kissed apart.

And so I have no fear;
Your Beauty lives; I have no fear for you;
Your soul grows lovely too
In His pure light who holds all beauty dear.

God loves you, and no less;
Death leaves you as He made you—very fair;
Your beauty and His care
Shall wake your very soul to loveliness.

Things Seen.

The End of the Lecture.

THE lecturer was a buoyant personality with an enthusiasm for his subject, which was botany. His bright, keen brain had grappled triumphantly with the science which had dominated his life. And he was a materialist. Science was his final appeal. His goal of intellectual training was the scientific mind. But once, for one moment, some dormant faculty, some tentacle of his soul that had long been still, as if asleep, moved, flashed for a moment into articulate life, betrayed him, confused him, and for the first time in his career of lecturer, silenced him. It happened in this way. He was lecturing on elementary botany to an audience of board school children. The vast hall was dark, save for the stream of light that flowed from the lantern on to the white screen that rose behind him on the platform. Again and again I wondered what kind of thoughts filled the small, dim brains of those gutter children, as picture after picture flashed upon the screen, revealing to them, for the first time, the minute and boundless life of the plant kingdom, its mystery, its wonder, its progressive individual life, never resting, never in doubt, secretly steered, and moving always onward. What the dim brain of those gutter children thought I do not know, but they were very still, and the children who were nearest to me were clutching one another's hands. And as picture after picture shone upon the screen, the lecturer's clear, even voice accompanied them, explaining so patiently, so sympathetically, without hesitation, without a break, till he began to describe the cell, and the protoplasm with which it is filled, and the vital energy that gives life to the protoplasm. Because he was addressing an audience of children he lingered over this part of his lecture, and it was because he had not realised the quick intuition of the childish brain, untrammelled and unspoiled, that he lost the thread of his exposition and ended in confusion. Thus he told them that scientific men knew all about protoplasm, that it had been analysed, that Prof. Huxley had called it "the physical basis of life"; "but," he added, "we do not know what gives to protoplasm its vital energy, its power of living and growing. From it all things proceed. We know no more. The door is shut to us. Behind the door from where the impulse comes all is mystery—unfathomable mystery." Then a child's voice rang out clearly: "Please, sir, does God live behind the door?"

The Mandarins.

It was in Canton, before the War. I emerged from an eight-foot-wide street into what, for Canton, was an open space, before a large and highly-decorated building with a broad red door, the residence of a high official. A small crowd had gathered there, and almost simultaneously with my arrival came a handsome chair upon the scene, preceded and followed by a small escort of brigand-like Chinese cavalry. The little column halted, and at the same moment the red door opened like the door of a cuckoo-clock. A portly man in fine raiment issued from it and hurried down the granite steps to the side of the chair, within which sat, well-screened, a personage in sombre silk—"a great Mandarin," so my guide whispered. The man from within the door made a low obeisance, and received from the other a document in the scarlet official cover, which he pressed to his forehead as if it had been a cure for headaches. There were further salutations, and then, at a sign or a word from the Personage, the chair was suddenly raised by the bearers and whirled round in the midst of the crowd. The Mandarin caught sight of me—the only European—and as our eyes met he bowed very slightly with a courtly smile. I raised my hat; the

bearers moved off at the double; the red door was closed. The whole thing passed like an incident of a play upon the stage. What struck me like a blow, and seemed entirely unnoticed by the other bystanders, was this: in swinging round the chair the bearers knocked down two small children—helpless creatures in that squalid crowd. It was impossible to see clearly, but it is my belief that they were trodden under foot like insects. Whether the horses trampled them or not I cannot say—horses are kinder than Chinese men; it may be that when the throng finally melted away, two ragged little bodies lay upon the stones. But whether that were so or not, the violence, the cruelty, the callousness of the scene made a haunting memory. Half an hour later I crossed the guarded bridge between the city and the island upon which the Europeans live. Crossing that bridge is like awakening from a nightmare: one passes from the tenth century to the nineteenth, from Gomorrah to Kensington; to the region of the clergyman, the policeman, the bicycling girl.

An American on Scott.

ALMOST every new writer of a life of Scott merely boils down, hashes up, or in other way manipulates Lockhart; and criticism is only a matter of deciding how well or ill the cookery is done. It may be taken on trust that a Californian Professor of English Literature is quite competent as far as this goes. The present point of interest lies in the view which Mr. William Henry Hudson, the Professor in question, takes of our greatest novelist. In his book, *Sir Walter Scott* (Sands), Mr. Hudson arrives at a verdict that, on the whole, is adverse, though he pronounces judgment so soothingly, with so many compliments to this and that and the other, that one has to think a moment before appreciating the full force of the condemnation. "O great and gallant Scott"—Mr. Hudson says "Amen" devoutly to all this. That personally he was, indeed, a very noble gentleman, courageous, valiant, and so on, is cordially agreed; but does not this disclose an ideal of life now left behind us, and he quotes from the letter to Morritt: "To have lived respected and regarded by some of the best men in our age is enough for an individual like me; the rest must be as God wills, and when He wills." "A fair enough ideal," remarks his critic, "but it certainly does not go very far." Then he proceeds to dwell on Scott's "habitually leaning towards social ways and to established customs of life," his "stereotyped and worldly" ethical theory, and says he has to be "classed among those who take their ease in Zion." His advice to his son is informed with no higher wisdom than that of Polonius. The man and his books are one, and it is easy to gather from this the line that Prof. Hudson takes in his literary criticism. Why does your modern person read novels? He would answer, he does answer in effect, if not in set words—out of religion, love of poetry, soulfulness. Thus, at any rate, I interpret what he has to say about "the problems of the world," "the burden of the mystery," "the darkness of life and destiny," "the whence and why and whither"; these are the themes of prophet and poet, and Mr. Hudson is thus setting up the doctrine that the novelist is no mere *conteur* set to wile away the idle hours, no mere minstrel charming back some of the glories of the fray with his after-dinner song, but really and truly the poet, the interpreter of the longings and desires and fears and hopes of his age. It would be easy to toss this aside disdainfully, as I have no doubt Mr. Andrew Lang, for instance, would so toss it, and by appealing to Scott simply as pageant, bringing all that immense company of his weeping or laughing across the stage, assert that he gave all that was required of him. But to some extent Mr. Hudson, in my opinion, is in the right. The human mind

at all ages has in moods demanded this sort of nourishment. It got it out of Homer, flashing indescribably vivid views of man standing against eternity as the narrator rushed on; it got it out of Shakespeare, where it seems forced out by the fire and stress of action or of grief or even of gaiety, for you have it in "As You Like It" as well as "Hamlet" and "Macbeth"; it found it epic and lyric poetry in Dante and Wordsworth and Tennyson; most of all it got it in the spiritual hymns and songs of the Church. But to a vast number these voices are dumb. A man lives in his own age, and for good or ill "the burden of the mystery" has passed out of all these points of contemporary life. The modern poet pipes so softly few can hear him; the modern dramatist avoids the "immeasurable depths" as he would avoid an abyss; and the Church has fallen behind the age. It is trying to withstand an assault of pom-poms and Krupp guns with the culverin and broadsword of three centuries ago. Thus the reader, or the best readers, for in these matters the herd need not count, really does turn for his "medicine of the soul" to the novel—indeed, he has nothing else to turn to, for whatever there is of spiritual thought in these times finds expression there; and so far as that is concerned it is impossible to withstand the finding of Mr. Hudson. Between Scott and the highest, between him, that is to say, and Homer and Dante and Shakespeare, there is a great gulf fixed.

But, then, no novelist has attained anyway near that high standard, and life would be intolerable were we for ever in intense fervour asking questions, that it is good at times to ask, though we know them unanswerable. Something is to be said even for the little minor poet blowing on his eaten reed; something for the dramatist who, avoiding the crucial, aims only at charming his audience out of themselves; something for the divine who, unable to mount on the very top of the wave, still preaches the wholesome, never-ending lessons of goodness and purity and truth. And if we take Scott on this somewhat lower plane, it is to be amazed at the wide loving sympathy that could enter into and reproduce so many, so widely different types of humanity. Take the creation of any other imaginative writer and how dwarfed it looks beside those long galleries of Scott. To wander through is to walk among your fellow-men, who also are, in a sense, and for the most part, eighteenth century, bound down to usage and custom, informed with the wisdom of Polonius, only at very long intervals indicating by a word, a glance, a gesture that they in any way feel "the burden of the mystery." But Mr. Hudson has joined himself to an intellectual parish and is afflicted with an *ism*, is enraged at the cloak-and-rapier school, and fails of the catholicity that says of art as of life it takes some of all sorts to make a world. His strictures on *Ivanhoe*, logically carried out, would obliterate not only Dumas and all the historical school, but the whole realm of fairy tale and romance of which he is a part. I cannot do that. It does not seem possible to follow Mr. Hudson when he narrows Scott down to this small compass: "To have delighted boyhood, to have given it a pure and manly taste for pure and manly things. . . . And if in later years, though we remember the old charm with a kind of subdued pleasure, we find it impossible to renew it." One can only write on a matter like this from personal experience, and that gives the statement a point-blank denial. Scott did delight my boyhood, sent it galloping through the pages in full glee after the story, but it is in mature years only that I have learned to appreciate fully the genial humour, the kindly wisdom, the well-drawn characters. My own experience is that the years have robbed Dickens of any shred of interest, have palled Thackeray, have made George Eliot unreadable, but that still to open Scott, at any place, and almost in any mood, is to unseal a fountain of pleasure, and this notwithstanding a growing and poignant sense of his limitations.

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

Impossible Poetry.

EDWARD FITZGERALD'S *Half Hours with the Worst Authors* still remains under lock-and-key—(Will not Mr. Aldis Wright print at least a list of its contents?)—and the *Tin Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics* which is meditated by a critic of eminence, progresses no farther than its title and a few ancient examples: owing to the churlish refusal of living poets to permit their best indiscretions to be printed in it. But there is still another kind of author than the worst or the tin variety: there is the author of what we have called “Impossible Poetry”; and if anyone bitten by the anthology madness cares to devote a collection to this brand, we offer him as a nucleus Gay's ballad of “Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Ey'd Susan,” the whole and sole charm of which—and it is charming—lies in its impossibility.

Beyond the ballad's first line—

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
and its last—

Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand,
Gay's pleasing ditty is to-day unknown. But it is splendid in its impossible way; for not a single thing could have happened as the poet records it: William was not like that, Susan was not like that, the British Fleet was not like that. They are all impossible, and we know it. This knowledge of ours is the difference between the impossibility of “Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Ey'd Susan” and the impossibility of any supernatural invention of a poet, such as “The Tempest.” “The Tempest” is impossible, one may say. Yes, but we do not know it. It may have happened thus, because Prospero and Caliban, Miranda and Ariel, are credible, persuasive, proven. They are real beings in a fantastic setting: whereas Sweet William is a fantastic being in a real setting. Everything is unreal about him: his language, his sweetness, his attitudes. Such a man never climbed rigging. The ballad is a triumph of the impossible.

Let us look at this delightful, preposterous absurdity—the foundation-stone (used consciously or unconsciously) of a large part of the fabric of Mr. Gilbert's humour. Here is the opening stanza:

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
Wh'n Black-ey'd Susan came aboard:
“Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.”

Human nature does not change: think of the attitude those jovial sailors would take up to-day! And the very ignorance of Susan is part of the impossibility. She has boarded the ship by chance, and, behold! her William is there.

This is what happened:

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cord slides swiftly thr' his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

“Glowing hands” is a realistic touch. Incidentally it shows how times alter; for who, writing to-day, could, in this connexion, possibly use the word “glowing.” Stevenson, Pater, and Mr. Kipling have made it impossible. Even in major verse there is now some effort to fit substantive to adjective; while minor verse lives by it.

“Quick as lightning” was not simile enough for Gay; he went on to find another:

So the sweet lark high-pois'd in air,
Shuts closer his pinions to his breast
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

This—ye jovial students of Mr. Conrad and Mr. Bullen, even of Mr. Clark Russell, idealist as he can be—this is what sweet William said:

“O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall b,
The faithful compass that still points to thee.
Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.
If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white.
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.
Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls t' at roun' l me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.”

What was happening on board ship the while we can but conjecture. Where was discipline? Had anyone taken William's place aloft? Did the other sailors leave the twain whispering room? Had Sue a roving eye for Sweet Tom or Sweet Dick? Where was the boatswain? Where he was we cannot say, but he returned very suddenly:

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head;
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

More happens in that stanza than in most. One crowded stanza of nautical life, it might be called; and the ballad is over.

But isn't it a delight? The very spirit of comic opera pervades it: possibly by Gay's intention, possibly not. He may have sat down deliberately to burlesque, but we are inclined to doubt it: we should see him winking oftener. We believe this to be quite serious. But, anyway, Gay becomes thereby the true begetter of “Pinafore,” for without this ballad could there have been a “Pinafore” at all? One almost thinks not. Certainly, without it Douglas Jerrold would never have chosen such names as Sweet William and Black Ey'd Susan for his famous drama. But Jerrold took no more than these names and the relationship their owners bore to each other. In Jerrold, William is a man. He does not hang his head: he knocks down his foe; he does not say, “Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale”: he swears.

Correspondence.

Rhymed Elegiacs.

SIR.—Mr. Lang, I observe, states in the ACADEMY that he wrote “rhymed elegiacs” before I was born. I can well believe it; but, as I have never written any rhymed elegiacs myself, why drag me in?—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM WATSON.

The First Life of Cromwell.

SIR.—At a time when Mr. Morley's *Cromwell* is fresh in the public mind it would be interesting to know who wrote the first *Life of Cromwell*. He died on September 3, 1658, and the earliest account of his life and death with

which I am acquainted is contained in a small volume entitled "The Perfect Politician; or, a Full View of the Life and Actions (Military and Civil) of O. Cromwel. Whereunto is added a compleat Catalogue of all the Honours conferred by him on several Persons. London: Printed by J. Cottrel for William Roybould and Henry Fletcher. 1660." The Preface, which is addressed "To the People of England," is signed "I. S."

A remarkable point in the book is the singular skill with which the balance is held even between the Royalists and the Cromwellians. Though Cromwell is the hero of the work, the character of Charles is sketched with a tenderness very surprising in a volume devoted to the doughty deeds of his conqueror. It is just possible that this is due to the fact that the book was composed when the Commonwealth under Richard Cromwell was tottering to its fall. Charles II. landed on May 29, 1660; and it would be interesting to know in what month of 1660 *The Perfect Politician* appeared. If you or any of your readers can give me information on this point, and can say whether this is the first complete life of Cromwell, I shall be grateful.—I am, &c.,

PERCY L. BABINGTON.

Turf Club, Cairo, Egypt: January 11, 1901.

Shakespeare's Knowledge.

SIR,—Ben Jonson's reference to Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek" is well known. One of your literary contemporaries has revived the subject by asking "Where does the writer of the plays show that he knew Italian or Greek?"

Here are two facts which I think conclusive. In the first place, in "A Winter's Tale" the statue of Hermione is called "a piece . . . now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano." Now, Romano, in the days of Shakespeare, was known as a painter, not as a sculptor. True enough, in the first edition of Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*, published in 1550, and never translated from the original Italian, we are informed that Romano did work in sculpture. In the second edition, published in 1568, and translated into English, this information is not given. Romano is mentioned as a painter only. Unless Shakespeare had read Vasari in the original Italian, how did he come to know that Romano was also a sculptor?

As for Shakespeare's acquaintance with Greek. In 1 Henry VI. i. 6 appear the lines:

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.

Commenting on this passage, Schmidt in his "Lexicon" said, "Perhaps confounded with the garden of King Alcinous in the *Odyssey*." While Mr. Richard Grant White concluded that "No mention of any such garden in the classic writings of Greece and Rome is known to scholars." This shows that Shakespearean commentators are not infallible. Although the reference has always been a puzzle to scholars, it is not long since that the discovery was made that the reference was to a passage in the *Phaedrus* of Plato, where, in Jowett's translation, we read: "Would a husbandman," said Socrates, "who is a man of sense, take the seeds, which he values and which he wishes to be fruitful, and in sober earnest plant them during the heat of summer in some Garden of Adonis, that he may rejoice when he sees them in eight days appearing in beauty? Would he not do that, if at all, to please the spectators at a festival? But the seeds about which he is in earnest he sows in fitting soil, and practises husbandry, and is satisfied if in eight months they come to perfection." Now I can find that there was no English translation of *Phaedrus* till 1701, so that Shakespeare must have read the work in the original Greek, or obtained it from a contemporary.

Can any of your readers suggest where otherwise the information both as regards Romano and Adonis' gardens could have been obtained?—I am, &c.,

G. STRONACH.

The Great Authors of the Century.

SIR,—In case you do not see the *Dial*—an American weekly paper published at Chicago—I am sending you a letter from a Mr. Jackson Boyd which appears in it. Now, can you or your readers help me? I have to deliver a lecture—quite a small thing—on the writers of the last century, and I want to know if Mr. Boyd's list is one that may be depended on. He is an American, and, of course, that makes a difference. Would you not substitute Hegel for Schopenhauer as the greatest philosopher? And who is Lester F. Ward? This is the letter:

One of the greatest authors of all time is Jeremy Bentham. He is the father of Utilitarianism, and to him more than to anyone else do we owe a rational system of jurisprudence. Bentham has furnished more ideas to legal writers than any other man of the century.

Arthur Schopenhauer is the greatest metaphysician that ever lived. His "World as Will and Representation" is the best solution of the World Riddle ever offered. He is the father of Wagner in music. He originated a system of philosophy—Pessimism. He was one of the greatest scholars of the century; the only man who ever made metaphysics popular.

Auguste Comte was one of the greatest men that ever lived. He originated the science of Sociology; and it is to his impetus that we owe the great social evolution now going on. His conception of Humanity is the grandest ever originated; his conception of the destiny of man the truest. He knew more about Religion than any man in the nineteenth century. He is one of the least appreciated men of his age. He did for Sociology what Darwin did for Biology.

Charles Darwin was the most argumentative mind of the century. He discovered the most useful law ever known to science, and he proved it to an opposing public. The race will remember him as one of her great men for all time. He revolutionised the science of Biology—all science. It is to him that the true theory of things is possible in the twentieth century.

What Darwin did for Biology, Herbert Spencer did for Psychology. Besides, he has systematised all science in his Synthetic Philosophy. He is the greatest Individualist of the race, and the last great one.

Karl Marx is one of the master-minds of man. He is the father of Socialism,—the making of the race into one class, with equal rights, equal opportunities, the realisation of that better life hoped for by all, and sought after by so few. His conception of the iniquities of modern society will be used as an indictment by reformers from now on till the millennium. Of all men, he is the common man's best friend. He was one of the greatest scholars that ever lived.

Lester F. Ward is the most practical philosopher the century has produced. His Dynamic Sociology completed the science Comte began. His psychic factor in civilisation shows wherein Darwin's great law does not hold good in society. But Ward came so late that his real influence will be in the twentieth century.

The great trouble with light literature in the last century is that it is almost without exception time-serving, not serving all time. George Eliot is the only writer of light literature who has any claim to real greatness. She has attempted to apply the great concepts of Bentham, and Comte, and Spencer, to every-day life. She has been called, not inappropriately, a female Shakespeare. She will be better appreciated in the new century.

Guy de Maupassant is the most artistic story-teller the world has ever produced; Count Leo Tolstoi the most artistic novelist. Both are masters. Maupassant cared nothing for philosophy or morality. His one object was to tell his story. Tolstoi is so intent on giving his art its highest moral motive that he overlooks the intellectual, the chief merit of George Eliot. It will take the twentieth century to appreciate Tolstoi's high art.

These are the pre-eminent authors of the nineteenth century.

—I am, &c.,

ANGELA HOME.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 71 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best set of lines on some domestic incident or object, such as "The Sofa," "The Postman's Knock," "A Noise in the Night," &c., &c., in the style of "The Library" by George Crabbe. We award the prize to Miss Edith Rickert, 3, Great James-st, Bedford-row., for the following:

A CUP OF TEA.

First, draw the crimson curtains 'gainst the gloom,
And light the candles in the dusky room ;
Then with the nimble bellow let us blow
The dying embers to a ruddy glow.
Soon, while the shining kettle hums and sings,
The white-capped Phyllis tray and tea-cloth brings,
Apostle-spoons, and cups of rare Billeek,
Whose flow'ry ridges tender care bespeak.
Let brown-cheek'd toast upon the fender lie,
In crispy heaps, to tempt the hungry eye.
At last, the liquid crystal pours its song,
In steamy music, straight the spout along ;
Now let us drench the spicy-sweet Bohem
That yields us fragrant, amber cups of tea.
But lo ! th' impatient tribes, by Need oppress'd,
Draw near the hearth for wosip, tea, and rest.
The Nymph, whose pleasure 'tis to please, is prone,
To engage her int'rest in a buttered scene.
The studious Swain, with pale and fervent brow,
Forgets Herodotus and Euclid now.
The Matron gracious influence sheds around,
Until the heart and tongue are soon unbound.
Sweet discourse o'er the circle flies apace,
Of Fashion, Politics, and Means of Grace,
Of Books and Men and Manners—common ground
To stir the heart, the intellect to sound.
If we Academicus dared t' invite,
Weary of treatises and poems trite,
A cup of tea behind our broderied screen
Would banish quite the sullen brood of Spleen !

Other replies are as follows :

A COOKERY BOOK.

See on her shelf, revered and priceless tome,
The *Guide to Cookery for Every Home* ;
Those broken sides, that tattered leaves enclose,
Proclaim its merits and demand repose.
Past are the days when on the dresser laid
It gave its lore to every passing maid ;
There Martha came its counsel to entreat
And left a grease-spot where she found a sweet,
Here violets marked the lines my lady conned
When wifely pride the kitchen apron donned
To roll the pie-crust, or, mistaken zeal,
With *mousse* and *omelette* dress the evening meal.
But graver themes these dog-eared leaves portray,
The household ethion of an earlier day ;
Their ancient rules the secret still enshrine
Of how an Englishman should lunch and dine.
To distant lands his errant tastes may roam,
From Orient empires fetch the curry home ;
Yet still, unwavering in his true belief,
He finds his aliment in British beef.
Then, faded page ! though writ in sober prose
The kitchen epic of our race disclose,
The life of man from childish pap unroll
Till senile gruel shall complete the whole.

[E. U., London.]

THE DINNER-BELL.

Sweet is the bridal-bell whose music rolls
Bliss thro' the hearts of matrimonial souls ;
And sweet the coronation bell which seals
The patriotic joy a nation feels.
But that to which our human bosoms swell
Above all others, is the dinner-bell.
What joy when all the sad suspense is o'er,
And each glad diner passes thro' the door ;
How gaily each descends the solemn stair,
Upon his arm a not reluctant fair,
And takes his seat before the board alight
With well-cooked dishes, love, and appetite ;
Feasting his eyes on beauty (when he can),
And with good cheer supports the inner man,
Nor yet neglects th' Elysian gift divine
Of goblets brimming o'er with costly wine.
And then—but vain ! more peace than pen can tell
Follows thy dulcet tinkling, dinner-bell.

[F. P. S., Manchester.]

THE FAMILY CAT.

First let us see the nature of the pet
Who loves her home and takes what she can get ?
In her the tigress we are very sure
(See fur and claws !) exists in miniature—
Those round green eyes—those pupils that contract
Before the light of day confirm that fact—
Those claws are sheathed in softest down indeed,
But anger Pussy and your hands will bleed !
Those stealthy movements, and that purring sound
Are sure precursors of that sudden bound,
When mice or luckless birds will fall a prey
To Pussy, who is a *gourmande* in her way !
As for the rest, a scapegoat oft is she !
When milk is missed or toothsome fish may be,
The Cat is there, and on her shoulders fall
All the shortcomings of the Servants' Hall—
Still, treat her well, nor grudge of cod a slice,
She follows both your fortunes and your mice ;
For when you change your quarters, 'tis her plan
To find herself a corner in the Van ;
And when at your new mansion you arrive,
There you'll find Pussy very much alive !
Nor, when you close your house, forget to leave
Provision for her, or, mayhap, you'll grieve,
While you yourselves are flourishing and fat,
To find a scarecrow where you left a Cat !

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

A CHIMNEY ON FIRE.

Behold the parlour with its evening air,
The father dozing in his easy chair,
Mother and damelets at their work or games,
While friendly firelight casts around its flames ;
The curtains drawn before the window wide,
All peace within, though Boreas rage outside.
When lo, a roaring in the chimney—hark !
Now see the soot come down in shower and spark.
Disturb'd, the father wakes from out his sleep,
" I told you so ; you should have had the sweep."
" Oh no, my love, he came on New Year's Day,
The date I know, for dear Jack went away
To sea that self-same afternoon " Meanwhile
The blazing soot upon the grate doth pile.
The cook and maids run in with glances dire,
" O sir, Oh ma'am, the chimney is afire !"
" Well, what of that, 'ere ever you were born
Worse fires I've tackled ; Lucy, get you gone
And fetch two pails of water—make haste now,
A shovel, Mary ; I'll soon show you how
The task is done." His coat then off he flings
(While neighbours worry him with knocks and rings),
Rakes out the fire, the danger soon is o'er,
Neighbours disperse, and all is peace once more.

[H. F., Exmouth.]

Replies also received from : E. T. W., Leytonstone ; H. H., Teddington ; B. D., Chelsea ; E. L. W., Haslemere ; H. W., Yorkshire ; R. W. K. E., London ; E. A. M., Shoreham ; C. S. O., Hove ; G. M. P., Birmingham ; G. S., Brentwood ; C. A., London ; A. S., Edinburgh ; W. S. B., London ; F. W., Wandsworth ; H. M. G., Stroud Green ; H. A. M., London ; R. M., Brighton ; J. G., York ; K. J., Leeds ; C. H. H., Brighton ; J. G. H., London ; S. R., Ayrshire ; H. W. D., London ; E. W. H., Didsbury ; F. S. H., Bath ; J. N., London ; P. K., London ; E. L., Lancashire ; P. C. F., Cambridge ; H. S., Edinburgh ; I. S., Brighton ; A. D. B., Liverpool.

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